

## This Is Lammy's Brain on Parappa and Ma-San

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/13644468) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/13644468>.

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Category:	<a href="#">F/F</a> , <a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">PaRappa the Rapper</a> , <a href="#">Um Jammer Lammy</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Lammy Lamb/Katy Kat</a> , <a href="#">Parappa/Ma-San</a> , <a href="#">Joe Chin/Lammy Lamb</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Lammy (Um Jammer Lammy)</a> , <a href="#">Parappa the Rapper - Character</a> , <a href="#">Ma-San</a> , <a href="#">Joe Chin</a> , <a href="#">Chop Chop Master Onion</a> , <a href="#">Mooselini</a> , <a href="#">Prince Fleaswallow</a> , <a href="#">Cheap Cheap</a> , <a href="#">MC King Kong Mushi</a> , <a href="#">Chief Puddle</a> , <a href="#">Mama Parappa</a> , <a href="#">Cathy Pillar</a> , <a href="#">Captain Fussenpepper</a> , <a href="#">Paul Chuck</a> , <a href="#">Teriyaki Yoko</a> , <a href="#">Katy Kat</a> , <a href="#">Mr. Horse (Ren &amp; Stimpy)</a>
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Stats:	Published: 2018-02-11 Chapters: 7/7 Words: 27412

## This Is Lammy's Brain on Parappa and Ma-San

by [xandermartin98](#)

### Summary

(WARNING: STORY IS UNBELIEVABLY FREAKING HILARIOUS)

One fateful night in Parappa Town, Lammy accidentally sniffs Parappa and Ma-San right up her nose and into her brain while snorting her daily serving of cocaine of her adorable cat girlfriend's big fluffy toes, and thus quickly finds herself agonizingly entangled in an immensely elaborate and painful get-rich-quick scheme for her and her fellow band members to join the infamous Joe Chin business. Needless to say, hilarity ensues.

# Chapter 1

## THIS IS LAMMY'S BRAIN ON PARAPPA

It had been a long, rough, jock-strapped night of sex between Lammy and her equally adorable kitty girlfriend Katy Kat at the former's apartment in Parappa Town, and the two of them were just about ready to perform one of many, many ancient sexual rituals of theirs on each other.

"Huh? What the hell are you doing, Katy?" Lammy nakedly sat up on her queen-size bed, crossed her long, slender legs and curiously asked Katy as said crazy cat woman seductively slithered and slunk her way over to Lammy's bedside table and fished her precious cocaine jar out from its one and only internal drawer; unbeknownst to Lammy, however, Katy had just recently snuck a rather...ahem...INTERESTING pair of NASTY surprises into it while her poor innocent girlfriend wasn't looking! Why, I dare say ALIVE AND KICKING ones, no less!

ABOUT THREE-AND-A-HALF HOURS AGO, AT 9:30 PM...

"So tell me, Katy, what are you going to do with Parappa and Ma-San while I head off to the local dildo store?" Lammy asked Katy equal parts hurriedly AND worriedly, changing into her remarkably slutty glitter bikini and checking her watch anxiously as she nervously strutted out her front door while Parappa and Ma-San aimlessly bounced around the room in rather suspicious anticipation while maliciously grinning from ear to ear all the while.

"Oh, don't worry about it, sweetie, it'll all be just PERFECTLY fine and DANDY!" Katy giggled teasingly, swinging her hand down like...well, a cat paw. "Why, I'll just send them right back home on their favorite taxi with a hug and a kiss, OF COURSE, you silly GOOSE!" she continued, snickering devilishly as she desperately held her breath to stop herself from busting out laughing at the mere thought of what she was already deviously planning to do to her own beloved girlfriend on that ever-so-fateful night when she wasn't looking.

"Well, uh...oh-kay, then...see you again in about a half-hour, I suppose..." Lammy sighed dejectedly, strongly suspecting Katy and company to be truly up to absolutely no good whatsoever but not even caring enough to do anything about it as she nervously walked out the front door and left the apartment building without another word or even another trace.

"Alright, comrades, it's time to do it, if you catch my drift!" Katy cackled intently, kneeling down and patting an embarrassed, blushing Ma-San on the head, accidentally putting out the fuse on the big red stick of live dynamite that just so happened to be permanently lodged into the poor thing's head in the process.

"When the adorable fluffy sheep is away, the puppies, mice and kittens will PLAY...and I'm not talking about MUSIC, oh no; I'm talking about good old-fashioned dirty slimy TRICKS!" Katy laughed uproariously, slapping Parappa on the back that it caused him to accidentally spit his own loose tooth right out as she guided him and Ma-San over to Lammy's dresser and pulled out the shrink gun that Lammy had conveniently hidden away in its bottom-left-most drawer.

"Um...Ma-San, are you thinking what I'M thinking?!" Parappa asked Ma-San unbelievably excitedly, drooling animalistically at the mouth, glowing bright red and already acquiring a painstakingly gargantuan erection that gloriously bulged right through the crotch of his adorably baggy jeans while Ma-San did much of the same, gave him a thumbs-up sign with her right hand and speechlessly nodded her head in agreeal while hornily fingering herself with her left; needless to say, the looks on both of their faces were simply priceless beyond comprehension.

"If you're talking about going inside Lammy's head and sexually, publicly humiliating her against her will for your own fucked-up sadistic amusement, then SO AM I!" Katy began laughing maniacally and hyperactively jittered all over the place as she intently took aim at poor little Parappa and Ma-San with the shrink gun and fired it with extreme animalist prejudice, effectively reducing the both of them to essentially microscopic size as she reached into the drawer of Lammy's bedside table and pulled out her treasured cocaine jar.

"Alright, come on, guys, HURRY and get in here before she comes back in here and SEES us!" Katy whispered hesitantly and fearfully to Parappa and Ma-San, glancing rapidly from side to side in a fit of paranoid panic as she statically stuck the two of them onto her equally fluffy and sexually electrifying left hand, then urgently shook them off into the jar and closed it tightly.

"KEHEHEHEHE...now THIS is going to be one HELL of a drug right HERE if I do say so myself..." Katy cackled and snickered evilly to herself, rubbing her hands together like a dirty scheming fly and quickly putting the jar and gun back into their proper respective personal storage locations while Lammy eagerly made her way back home with a nice big pair of guitar-shaped dildos in hand.

BACK TO THE PRESENT TIME...

"Oh, nothing, just giving you your daily recommended serving of COCAINE, of course! What ELSE would I be doing? TEE HEE HEE!" Katy laughed dismissively, playfully sticking her right foot into the jar and digging around in it as Parappa and Ma-San clambered up onto the fluffy blue tip of her right big toe (more accurately, found themselves becoming uncontrollably, irresistibly STUCK onto it due to static attraction) and were lifted right up in front of Lammy's now-terrifyingly-massive (but still ludicrously fluffy and adorable regardless) face while Lammy reluctantly shut her freakishly large eyes and nervously prepared herself for the inevitable.

"Go on, just CALMLY shut your eyes and breathe in through your nostrils with all of your might...it'll all be over in just one or two measly little SECONDS..." Katy teased Lammy in a remarkably sultry fashion, wiggling her toes seductively as she jammed her right foot forcefully into the blissfully unaware little angel's beady little nose and had her violently inhale great big servings of powdered crack right off OF said giant fluffy toes one after the other, culminating in her unknowingly snorting Parappa and Ma-San STRAIGHT up her nasal passageways and directly into her central nervous system!

"HOLY SNOT-DRIPPING SHIT!" Parappa and Ma-San reflexively yelled in terror as they were forcefully sucked right through the left one of Lammy's aching, bleeding, tenderly inflamed nostrils as if it were a waterslide, sending them flying straight into her frontal lobe with such terminally extreme velocity that they rather noticeably went SQUISH right into her brain!

"YEOWWW, what the hell was THAT?!" Lammy gasped in shock, wiping the dripping, oozing, snotty blood from her nose with her forearm. "Why, it felt like some kind of weird little BUG just got sucked up into my brain or something..." she placed her chin on her hand and curiously thought to herself while Katy reached over onto the bedside table yet again, grabbed her cell phone and sneakily rejected Parappa's and Ma-San's obligatory success-indication call, covering her mouth WITH said phone in order to conceal her malevolent shit-eating grin all the while.

"Oh, don't worry, sweetie, just go to sleep and let us talk about it LATER!" Katy chuckled sarcastically as the sleeping powder that he had just mixed into Lammy's cocaine (as per tradition, of course) ALSO went straight into her poor, poor brain and knocked her out as cold as a popsicle, prompting Katy to set her head down neatly as could be on her pillow and adorably cover her with the bed's blankets with a playful little nose-flick and a nice big kiss.

After hornily groping, fondling and tickling Lammy's adorably hot naked body (as she had already BEEN doing for the past THREE HOURS or so) to make absolutely sure that she was fast asleep, Katy put her hideous popcorn-bag clothes back on, grabbed her cell phone yet again and sneakily called Parappa and Ma-San to see how things were going in her girlfriend's head.

"So tell me, Agents Dogmeat and Mousetrap, have you found anything INTERESTING in that wonderful little ketchup-haired noggin of hers yet?" Katy asked Parappa and Ma-San perversely, already trying not to get a raging vaginal boner as she ecstatically, excitedly, blushing, drooling, erotically moaningly fantasized about curling and squishing her big sweaty toes into Lammy's delightfully wrinkly and orgasmically spongy nervous tissue while Ma-San rather disgustingly (yet also rather unsettlingly arousingly) did the exact same on the other end of the line.

"OH MY EVER-LOVING GOD, YES!" Parappa yelled and shrieked orgasmically with excitement as he got down on his hands and knees and began licking, rubbing and even literally FUCKING Lammy's brain from the inside while Ma-San pulled out yet another dildo literally right from her ass and eagerly followed suit. "YOU LITERALLY WOULDN'T BELIEVE THE SHEER MAJESTIC MAGNITUDE OF THIS BIG, BULBOUS, BEAUTIFUL BRAIN SHE'S GOT IN HERE! SWEET JESUS, I WANT TO LITERALLY WORSHIP IT ALL FREAKING DAY AND THEN SOME! OHHHH-HOHOHOHOHHH, SWEET TENDER MOMMY, IT TASTES SO FUCKING DELICIOUS!"

"WHOA...(JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, WHAT IN THE ACTUAL HELL HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO?!)...OOO-KAY, then...I'm just going to...uhh...like, SLEEP now and stuff, assuming that I actually WILL be able to after hearing what you just said...(FOR FUCK'S SAKE, JUST YUCK!)" Katy awkwardly blushed, trembled, stammered and thought to herself in shameful embarrassment as she reluctantly hung up her cell phone and slept face-down and backwards on the vacant side of Lammy's bed, frightfully convulsing and burying her fearfully trembling head underneath her pillow with both of her equally nervously shaking and jittering hands all the while.

THE NEXT MORNING, AFTER QUITE A BIT OF LOVINGLY CRAWLING AROUND ON LAMMY'S OUTER AND INNER BRAIN SURFACES LIKE DISGUSTING LITTLE INSECTS AND THOROUGHLY FUCKING, MASSAGING AND WORSHIPPING EVERY LAST SQUARE INCH OF THEM ON PARAPPA'S AND MA-SAN'S PART...

"Man, I seriously cannot fucking BELIEVE how big of a gooey, slimy, semen-and-saliva-encrusted MESS we left in this poor girl's noggin last night!" Parappa rolled on the fleshy, pulsating floor of Lammy's inner brain workings laughing himself to tears while Ma-San dejectedly hung her dynamite-riddled head in shame and depressedly walked over to Lammy's ridiculously massive central nervous supercomputer (which was built directly into the frontmost inner wall of her frontal lobe, of course), taking great care to drag her smooth, sexily padded bare soles against Lammy's mouthwateringly textured and gently, relaxingly, stimulatingly pulsating brain tissue as much as mousily possible.

"Well, take a look at THIS crazy shit, then!" Ma-San snickered deviously as Parappa took his own seat right next to hers and eagerly worked together with her to find the password to Lammy's mental databanks, and more importantly, her behavioral control center as well!

"Oh, of fucking course, the password is GUITAR, who would've known?" Parappa groaned sarcastically and face-palmed himself in truly agonizing second-hand embarrassment as he and Ma-San fraudulently logged themselves right into Lammy's central nervous network and immediately went STRAIGHT for her deliciously kinky and lesbian-sex-stuffed memory banks!

"OHHH...SWEET MOTHER OF JESUS, WE HAVE INDEED TRULY HIT THE FREAKING MOTHER LOBE HERE, HAVEN'T WE...OHHHHHH, YEEEEAAHHH..." Ma-San began moaning and drooling in ecstasy, both hers and Parappa's faces alike glowing hot pink in dirty, naughty shame as they reached directly into their pants (nonexistent panties in Ma-San's case) and had themselves a good old jerk to Lammy's oh-so-wonderfully-delicate-and-precious ultra-private lesbian sex memories between herself and Katy.

After diligently reading every single one of her deepest, darkest secrets straight from the very shockingly large brain that housed them, Parappa and Ma-San decided to try something rather...unsurprisingly different, to say the least.

"Hey, you see that button there, that one on the bottom-left corner of the screen that says Control Panel?" Ma-San asked Parappa inquisitively as the two of them telekinetically moved their...ahem...MOUSE cursor ALL the way over to the designated spot and clicked on it.

"Uh, YEAH?" Parappa shrugged his shoulders and sighed irritably, with Ma-San shooting him a starkly condescending and teasing glare in response as the two of them then proceeded to eagerly load up Lammy's manual body-command prompt.

"STATUS: AWAKE! SITUATION: MUST PERFORM MORNING DUTIES!" Lammy suddenly woke up with a jolt and robotically stated, causing the equally naked, hot and bothered Katy (who had been literally just about to touch her lips against hers and lovingly smooch her in her sleep, mind you) to reflexively flinch backward and scream in shock.

"SIGH...lemme guess, you little rascals just found a way to hijack my girlfriend's central nervous system from the inside and take control over her entire body as was clearly intended right from the start?" Katy boredly rested her left (face) cheek on her respective palm, cupped her right hand around the respective ear of Lammy's and whispered exhaustedly into Lammy's right ear canal.

"YOU FUCKING BETCHA, PUSSY-CAT!" Lammy rather weirdly uncharacteristically told her while Parappa and Ma-San clumsily fumbled about with her obligatory voice-control microphone, ultimately concluding that the former of the two would be the one to become Lammy's new voice actor.

"So tell me, boys; are you ready to push my girlfriend's BUTTONS or what?!" Katy whispered excitedly into Lammy's ear canal with yet another profoundly shit-eating smirk plastered onto her face from ear TO ear while Parappa and Ma-San fiddled about with Lammy's self-consciousness adjustment levers.

"Of course; why, it's no FUN if we don't get to utterly HUMILIATE and debase the poor already-batshit-insane girl in the process, now IS it?" Ma-San blushing, moaningly crooned and giggled with sadistic delight as Lammy suddenly became self-aware of her admittedly rather horrifying and degrading (perhaps even, dare I say, UN-NERVING) current predicament.

"HUH?! W-WHAT'S THIS ABOUT PUSHING MY BUTTONS? W-WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON HERE?! SERIOUSLY, PLEASE FREAKING TELL ME, I NEED TO FREAKING KNOW, PLEASE!" Lammy screamed in a fit of panic, forcefully shoving Katy away from her and struggling to maintain even partial control over herself as she awkwardly, dizzily stumbled and fumbled around and about the room like a complete drunken idiot...while still naked, no less.

"Yeah, POSE for the camera, baby!" Katy laughed and cheered hornily as she pulled out her iPad and eagerly began recording some more of Lammy's gorgeous naked body for all of the local porn sites to have complete nasal aneurysms over, making sure to zoom in extra-boner-inducingly close on that big, round, bubbly, juicy butt of hers while she was busy bending her entire body all the

way over forward just to reach the bottom shelf (read: the jean shelf) of her clothing dresser.

"(GASP!) You absolute PERVERT!" Lammy angrily scolded Katy, slapping her across the face and then proceeding to pull out her signature shirt, bikini, blue jeans and underwear from her dresser while Katy lovingly purred and moaned with delight from the absolutely amazing sensation of being smacked in the face BY Lammy.

Being forced (by Parappa and Ma-San's control over her) to deliberately walk from her bedroom to her bathroom in the sexiest, most Quentin-Tarantino-esquely foot-exposing way possible so that her beautiful, lovely, rosy-red-nail-polished tootsies could also be filmed on iPad video camera by Katy, Lammy confusedly set her clothes down on the bathroom sink and stepped into her fancy rectangular-cube-shaped marble shower in all of her dearly beloved buck-naked glory, tits and all...and of course, Katy also followed along behind her, with a great big gold-plated classical MIRROR in hand, no less!

"Alright, just gotta get THIS set in here real quick and BAM, done! Happy fapping, kinky Internet BOYS!" Katy smarmily teased the story's target audience as she inserted her iPad into a rather conspicuously placed slot in the dead top-center of the mirror's frame, then bolted off to grab her OWN signature clothes, then ran back INTO the bathroom to set said clothes down onto the bathroom sink WITH Lammy's, then FINALLY, last but DEFINITELY not least, stepped into the shower with Lammy and readied herself to perform the inevitable.

"Alright, here we go, just turn the dial, and...GAH! For the love of fuck, WHY can I not bring myself to turn the knob up to reasonably hot temperatures all of a sudden?!" Lammy gasped in shock as she desperately tried with all of her might to crank the shower's temperature knob up into the warm/hot zone...but alas, try as she did, Parappa and Ma-San had already issued a restraining order on her hands to prevent her from doing so!

"A-a-all t-the b-better to p-prevent the s-s-sh-shower's g-g-gl-glass w-w-walls f-from m-m-m-misting up, m-my d-d-d-dear!" Katy stammered and shivered irritatedly as she and Lammy reluctantly huddled together and began seductively lathering gelatinous cleaning products all over each other's (metaphorically) smoking-hot naked bodies while Parappa and Ma-San began masturbating furiously from deep within the latter's brain while voyeuristically spying on the rather kinky affair through her eye sockets (or, to be more precise, her eye-socket CAM, followed by an alternate third-person cam that pretty much rendered the mirror completely useless anyway).

"Tee hee...just kidding, sweetheart, we can turn up the heat just a bit WARMER and HOTTER and STEAMIER if you're so desperately inclined..." Lammy sluttily teased the adorably shivering and helpless Katy, reaching over to the shower knob and gently twisting it into the "warm" temperature zone with her left hand while incredibly suggestively smearing creamy, gooey, pure-white body wash into the cleavage of Katy's still-jovially-jiggling, baby-blue cat tits with her right.

SPEAKING OF RIGHT HANDS...

"Am...am I dead right now? Is...is this...h-HEAVEN?!" Ma-San stammered in unbearably aroused disbelief, desperately struggling to resist the urge to masturbate herself to the point of climax while she and Parappa continued unwelcomely manning Lammy's behavioral control cockpit, somehow STILL remaining unbeknownst to the absolute nutcase in the process (naturally, she just assumed it was the COCAINE that was making her act this way).

"Oh dear God, I feel like I'm being SHOWERED from brain to feet with GLORIOUS coconut cream pies right now..." Parappa moaned and panted lovingly in pure unbridled ecstasy, drooling what seemed like literal gallons from his big, meaty, dripping, dangling tongue and stroking his cock so hard that it almost literally became as hard as solid diamonds while Lammy and Katy

continued nakedly fondling each other.

"OH, KATY...YOU KNOW I COULD NEVER LIVE ON MY OWN WITHOUT YOU..." Lammy absentmindedly drooled, panted and slurred as she brought Katy's lips directly onto hers and promptly, moistly began tying her tongue together with hers in their absolute wettest, sloppiest french kiss to date while the two of them also gently, teasingly fingered each other's vaginas in the process, once again smearing disgusting amounts of gooey, sticky white cream all over the insides AND outsides of said vaginas.

"Aww, don't be so HARD on yourself..." Katy lovingly patted her on the thoroughly invaded and hijacked head and playfully whispered into her left ear canal while the two of them romantically, nakedly, ever-so-wetly cuddled each other, ritualistically (and erotically) running their hands down each other's finely sculpted backs, spanking each other's wondrously tight asses and even burying their heads into the sweet, tender embraces of each other's warm, bulbous, cushiony boobies and orally worshipping them in the process.

"Yes, I suppose you COULD say that we really do, in fact, have quite the HARD-ONS ourselves right about now...owwww...OWWWWWWWWWWW!" Lammy (and Parappa, and Ma-San) shrieked in painfully orgasmic delight, creaming themselves so hard that they actually quite literally PASSED OUT ALTOGETHER as a result.

"Aww, was that shower too HOT for you guys? Man, what a DRAG, am I right?" Katy smarmily teased Lammy, Parappa and Ma-San as she irritatedly grabbed her beloved girlfriend by the inexplicably human ankles and dragged her out onto the bathroom floor, making a point to give Lammy's beautiful, mouthwateringly large transgender tomboy tootsies a good licking, massaging, toe-sucking and kissing (and also lovingly rub and press the little beauties all over her face, making sure to droolingly take in their wonderfully clean, pristine and rosy fresh-out-of-the-shower aroma all the while) before finally setting her legs back down flat onto the floor, nakedly sitting criss-crossed in front of her and patiently waiting several minutes for her and her brain-hijackers to wake back up again.

## Chapter 2

### TILBOP PART 2

"Alright, Lammy, it's been literally fifteen fucking minutes now; are you going to wake the hell up or WHAT?" Kat, who had now already finished recording her "lesbian shower-sex and foot-worship" video for QUITE some time, growled impatiently at Lammy, teasingly tickling and scratching the poor lamb's smooth, sexy soles with her finger-claws to try to coax her INTO waking up.

"AFFIRMATIVE! TEE HEE HEE!" Lammy giggled adorably and wiggled her lustrously rglistering, Katy's-saliva-caked feet up and down frantically as she suddenly woke right back up with yet another profoundly startling jolt (surely enough, now that they were literally inside her brain and had even gone as far as to take control over it, Parappa and Ma-San were somehow able to telekinetically feel EXACTLY what Lammy felt...and yes, that obviously includes sexual sensations as well).

"Alrighty then, let's brush our TEETH, shall we?" Katy laughed playfully as she and Lammy hopped right back over to the bathroom (double) sink and got out their toothbrushes.

"Wouldn't it be more convenient if you and me cleaned the house- (slaps self) -ERR, I mean, the SAND out from each other's vaginas?" Lammy asked Katy condescendingly, prompting the two of them to sassily give each other the bedroom eyes as they slowly reached their way down into each other's baby-makers with their toothbrushes (and also with a sly wink and a sloppy kiss, let's not forget that).

"Um, Katy, I don't really want to be do- (slaps self) -ING ANYTHING IN THE ENTIRE WORLD THAT ISN'T THIS RIGHT NOW, DARLING!" Lammy began laughing dementedly as she and Katy began diligently, vigorously digging right into each other's vaginas and scrubbing the hairy yellow crust out from within them with their toothbrushes, moaning passionately all the while.

"Of course you don't, my poor confused plaything, of COURSE you don't!" Katy laughed uproariously, slapping Lammy on both the back AND the ass (AND the tits) as her big fluffy cat pussy climaxed and began drizzling its own "creamy gooey white liquid" all over Lammy's toothbrush while Lammy's big fluffy LAMB pussy also did very much the same for Katy's toothbrush.

"Okay, now we just add the toothpaste and BON APPETIT!" Katy snickered somewhat embarrassedly (after all, the apartment building DID have numerous security cameras, albeit ones that no one even remotely competent had been monitoring for quite a while) as she and Lammy brought their now thoroughly paste-covered toothbrushes straight up to their mouths and began scrubbing their teeth furiously with a mixture of toothpaste and each other's vaginal discharges.

"Oh my god, IT'S JUST LIKE ONE OF MY JAPANESE ANIMES!" Ma-San crooned with pure unbridled joy while Parappa just sat there right next to her in Lammy's behavioral control center, his jaw dropped firmly to the floor in amazement as he and Ma-San continued reducing Lammy into even MORE of a pathetically helpless sex puppet than she already was by default.

"Mmm, yum yum YUM!" Lammy giggled with excitement as she and Katy lovingly spat their own disgustingly congealing mixtures of toothpaste, vag-crust, saliva and liquid estrogen into each other's mouths and swallowed them, leaving what little was left OF said mixtures all over their teeth and tongues for the whole world of literally TWO people living inside Lammy's brain at the



moment to see.

"Now THAT'S what I call fucking disgusting!" Parappa laughed uproariously, suddenly turning green in the face and trying desperately not to puke while Lammy and Katy VERY indiscreetly flashed their yellow-crust-speckled teeth and hung out their vaginal-pus-dripping tongues for each other in the bathroom, making rock'n'roll "devil horns" signs with their hands all the while.

"What do you MEAN, disgusting?! Why, I dare say THAT WAS THE ABSOLUTE MOST BEAUTIFUL FUCKING THING I'VE EVER SEEN IN MY LIFE!" Ma-San moaned orgasmically, not even remotely TRYING to hide how hard she had just been fingering herself TO said vomit-inducingly gross thing.

"Oh, Lammy, you ALWAYS know how to make a girl SQUIRT, you know that?" Katy sluttily teased Lammy, slapping her on the back and causing her to accidentally spit out the remaining...STUFF that had just gotten stuck underneath her tongue all over her side of the mirror, prompting her to then immediately begin licking it right OFF of said mirror without even the slightest second thought.

"Oh PUH-LEEZE, you KNOW that guys squirt WAY better anyway...OWW! GOD DAMN IT, I DIDN'T MEAN TO FUCKING SAY THAT! FOR FUCK'S SAKE, WHAT THE HELL'S GOTTEN INTO ME?! PLEASE, FOR THE LOVE OF FUCK, PLEASE TELL ME, PLEASE, I'M FUCKING BEGGING YOU FOR FUCK'S SAKE!" Lammy sarcastically jeered at Lammy, then got forcefully bitch-slapped across the face by Katy and promptly began desperately yelling and screaming in terror, grabbing onto Katy's shoulders and shaking her violently to see if she could literally SHAKE the answers right out of her (after all, we ARE talking about a universe that runs strictly on cartoon logic here, if the whole "supercomputer in Lammy's brain" thing wasn't already indication enough).

"Oh, don't worry, you poor, clueless little thing; you don't NEED to know exactly what's gotten INTO you, per se, until much, MUCH later in this episode, sweetums! You're just completely stoned out of your mind on crack, darling; try not to over-THINK it, will you?" Katy giggled suspiciously insincerely, patting Lammy on the head and playfully stroking her fingers through the poor girl's hair.

"Uh, yeah RIGHT, sure...well, anyway, I also haven't heard from those adorable little Parappa and Ma-San sweethearts (cue sarcastic snicker from Katy) in QUITE a while...well, at least by THEIR standards, anyway...seriously, where the hell did they get off to?" Lammy asked Katy distrustingly, strongly suspecting that there was something more than a little fishy going on with those two and their sudden disappearances...and quite possibly brain-related as well, while she was at it.

"Oh, let me tell you, dearie, the question isn't WHERE we're getting off to, it's WHAT we're getting off to!" Ma-San whispered just as comically overexcitedly and fetishistically as ever, fingering herself to Lammy's ignorance all the while.

"SHH!" Parappa hissed warningly at her, leaning over to where her seat was, glancing back and forth profoundly paranoidly and slapping his hand over her mouth to shut her up while she just shrugged her shoulders, threw her arms out beside her and rolled her beady little eyes in response. "IF WE LET HER FIND OUT WE'RE IN HERE, THIS WHOLE MISSION WILL BE A BUST!"

"Oh, you know, it's nothing you haven't seen before...they're just, uhh...like, working REALLY unusually hard on their new and upcoming, like, rap album and stuff and have decided to become...oh, you know, like, typical studio hermits and stuff for the time being..." Katy nervously stammered, biting her lip and twiddling her fingers while Lammy just cocked an eyebrow at her in confusion.

"PHEW!" Parappa and Ma-San sighed, using their entire forearms to wipe the sweat from their OWN brows while Lammy and Katy FINALLY dressed themselves and set out for the Empire Chin Building, from which Parappa's rich (and also quite literal) son-of-a-bitch rival Joe Chin almost-singlehandedly operated his entire worldwide chain of dojos, casinos and hamburger restaurants.

"Alright, so here's the thing, snookums; I've been hearing lately that the fucking rich, spoiled, greedy, COMPLETELY egomaniacal bastard known as Joe Chin has been looking far and wide for a suitable ACCOMPLICE lately...a CONFEDERATE, perhaps? Somebody that's HELPLESS, dare I say?" Katy nudgingly, foreshadowingly teased Lammy as the two of them walked straight out the front door of their apartment building and casually went down the steps without a care in the world.

"Well, you see, blatant Raccoonteurs reference aside, I'm afraid he's ultimately just going to end up finding himself ALONE if he's looking for a fucking SCAPEGOAT!" Lammy began ranting angrily as she and Katy stepped into the latter's adorably cat-eared, cat-whiskered and even cat-NOSED Volkswagen automobile and fastened their seatbelts.

"Tee hee, you're so CUTE when you're flustered, you know that?" Katy lovingly teased Lammy, tightly pinching her on the cheek with her right hand and twisting the car's also-cat-eared ignition key with her left.

"Yeah, well let me tell you, Joe Fucking Chin can straight-up bite my ENTIRE ANTHROPOMORPHIC RUMINANT ASS-err-tiveness in proving myself PERFECTLY fit for the job! TEE! HEE! HEE!" Lammy shook her fist and continued angrily rambling...then suddenly began robotically exclaiming with nonexistent glee as Parappa and Ma-San once again took over her voice-control system.

"Well, if you say so, darling!" Katy giggled even MORE foreshadowingly than before as she ASSERTIVELY slammed her right foot onto the car's exhaust pedal and took off like thunder.

"Wait, WHAT?! For crying out loud, I NEVER said I agreed to THIS absolute depravity; literally not even ONE freaking time!" Lammy gasped in terror, covering her mouth and damning herself under her breath while Katy went "LA LA LA, I CAN'T HEAR YOU" in smug, sarcastic response.

"Well, THEY sure as hell did!" Katy corrected her, frightfully large piles of car wrecks accumulating behind her as she carelessly swerved her way through all kinds of four-way-intersection traffic; luckily, Parappa Town's local law enforcement system had a REALLY awful habit of taking literal WEEKS off, so she ended up suffering basically no consequences whatsoever as a result.

"Who the hell are THEY?!" Lammy stammered in fear, shivering intensely from how ridiculously, stupidly high the car's air-conditioning dial had been cranked up by Katy in an attempt to get her to literally "keep her cool".

"YOUR ALTERNATE FUCKING PERSONALITIES, that's who!" Katy nervously whispered into Lammy's ear, almost afraid that she had just accidentally let Parappa's and Ma-San's dirty little secret slip to her.

"I'm never yelling MY GUITAR IS IN MY MIND again..." Lammy groaned equal parts exhaustedly, depressedly and dejectedly, burying her face in her hands and sobbing as the car finally reached its destination at the Empire Chin Building, prompting her and Katy to reluctantly step out and get straight to business, no matter HOW profoundly shady and underhanded said business turned out to be! (Oh, who am I kidding; you already KNOW how many fucking skanky whores there are in Las Vegas, right?)

### TILBOP PART 3

"Alright, here we are, Lammy! Aren't you EXCITED to work for someone like Joe Chin?" Katy asked Lammy curiously and ever-so-encouragingly as the two of them walked through the revolving front door of the Empire Chin Building and found themselves in one of the most shamelessly tacky and extravagant reception rooms they had EVER laid eyes upon for a big fancy HOTEL, let alone a big boring business building like this one.

"Well, to put it as nicely as possible, about as proud as I would be to suck my own veiny, dripping, nonexistent CO-LLEGE FUNDS COURTEOUSY OF THE BRILLIANT, HANDSOME PRODIGY AND ALL-AMERICAN SEX GOD KNOWN AS JOE CHIN!" Lammy bitterly hissed and sneered into Katy's ear...then suddenly began robotically gushing over Joe Chin like a complete maniac, even going as far as to audibly stroke her nipples to the man's mere PRESENCE in the building in the process while literally EVERYONE around her (accountants, secretaries and local visitors alike) gave her some of the absolute weirdest looks that they could possibly muster.

"One small step for the overall success of this plan, one GIGANTIC fucking leap for second-hand embarrassment of the furred kind..." Parappa sighed regretfully, burying his face in his hands and internally screaming from the now-unbearable agony of his own self-consciousness as he reluctantly, disgustedly passed Lammy's voice-control microphone over to the unbelievably perverted Ma-San that was sitting right next to him and making irritatingly loud and high-pitched arousal noises in response to literally EVERY single thing that the two of them made Lammy do, surprisingly enough, Ma-San actually WASN'T furiously fingering herself to Lammy's suffering at the moment.

"WHAT? What the hell are YOU looking at, HMM?" Lammy angrily muttered to herself under her breath as she and Katy slyly strolled their way through the room as casually as could be...well, you know, apart from Lammy's extremely terrifying suspicion of having sentient parasites living in her brain at that moment, but come on, that's not really that BIG of a deal, right? (snicker, snicker)

"You see, if there's one thing you could probably afford to learn from Mr. Chin, it's how to take life and GRAB IT BY THE BALLS!" Katy explained condescendingly to Lammy, pulling out a great big pair of yarn balls from her pockets for emphasis as the two of them stepped into the building's main elevator and took it ALL the way up to the very, very, VERY tip-top floor (102, to be exact).

"I'm not...um...well, pardon my asking, but just for clarification, I'm not going to end up having to suck HIS balls in order to get this job, am I?" Lammy asked Katy worriedly, her knees quivering audibly as the elevator went up and up (and up, and up, and up, and up, and up).

"Of course you will, Lammy, of COURSE you will!" Katy playfully teased Lammy, slapping her on the back and causing her to even more audibly gulp in hyperactively anxious fear, darting her disproportionately massive eyes rapidly back and forth to make sure that she wasn't being spied on by some kind of built-in elevator surveillance camera; all the while, completely unbeknownst to her, Parappa and Ma-San got to take in an amazingly extravagant, frivolously gold-plated view (and audio recording) of the elevator directly THROUGH said eyes (and ears), completely free of admission fees.

"Ah...now THIS is the LIFE..." Parappa moaned happily with relief as he and Ma-San lazily kicked back in their seats and ate bowls of literal brain stew while Lammy groggily clutched the left side of her head with the corresponding hand and irritatedly groaned in headache-induced pain.

"Aww, what's the matter, sweetie? CAT got your tongue?" Katy asked Lammy considerably more concernedly than she let on, cuddling up against her and stroking her beautiful rose-red hair yet again while Parappa and Ma-San also collectively, reflexively went AWW in response.

"No, but I've got a REALLY fucking nasty headache...feels like my brain is internally BLEEDING and has a colony of ants crawling around in it right now, in fact..." Lammy moaned depressedly, cringing and gently weeping in additional pain as Parappa and Ma-San stuck out their big ripply tongues and began lapping up warm, fresh, tasty blood from the horrifically large gash that they had just cut into her (thankfully automatically-regenerating, although the same definitely cannot be said to even nearly the same extent for its cells) internal brain tissue with their claws.

"Well, don't blame ME; that's just what snorting way too much COCAINE does to you!" Katy laughed uproariously, once again patting Lammy on the head while she just rolled her eyes and sarcastically went "UH-HUH" in response.

"Oh shit, looks like our host is becoming progressively more AWARE of us!" Ma-San covered her mouth and gasped in shock as the Empire Chin Building FINALLY reached its destination AT said building's top floor.

"All I can say is, he'd better not try to fucking RAPE me..." Lammy growled angrily, wishing that she could suppress her traumatizing memories of the local guitar shop's owner (Paul Chuck the Giant Redneck Lumberjack Beaver) as she and Katy reluctantly stepped out of the elevator and made their way through the top floor's mazelike series of hallways until they finally reached the door to Joe Chin's office.

"Hel-LO? Me and Lammy, reporting for DUTY!" Katy yelled impatiently, knocking loudly on the door to Joe Chin's office and spending at least twenty whole seconds just standing in front of the door and rhythmically tapping her foot in anticipation...until finally, FINALLY, Joe Chin arrived at the door and condescendingly opened it for them with an equally condescending smirk on his face.

"GREETINGS, young aspiring protectors of a nation proud and indivisible! What, dare I ask, brings the likes of YOU here today?" Joe Chin pretentiously asked his new visitors, meticulously scanning over their hot sexy bodies with his eyes to "see if they were welcome or not".

"OH, THANK HEAVENS!" Lammy screamed in both pain AND relief, lunging right into Joe, grabbing him by the shoulders and pressing her face and eyes DIRECTLY against his in an extreme fit of panic. "I'VE GOT NASTY WORMS IN MY HEAD AND REALLY, REALLY, REALLY NEED YOUR HELP FINDING A SUITABLE DOCTOR TO GET THEM OUT BEFORE THEY LITERALLY EAT MY ENTIRE BRAIN ALIVE, PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU, PLEE-HEE-HEE-HEEASE!"

"WHOA there, ranger, hands off the BEAUTY!" Joe sighed irritatedly as she forcefully shoved the profoundly personal-space-intrusive Lammy away from him while his assistant Mr. Horse growled and drew his finger across his neck in muchly agreed disapproval from behind Joe's executive computer desk at the very, very back of the office. "Now please explain to me again in a more calm, collected and professional manner; WHAT exactly has gotten into you again?"

"Allow me to explain!" Katy requested, taking Joe into the office's back closet with her and slyly whispering into his ear. "PSST PSST...Parappa and Ma-San...Lammy's nose...brain...PSST PSST..."

"Now THAT right there is JUST the type of devilishly corrupt, sneaky and underhanded corporate prank we NEED to try pulling every once in a while! Come on, lady, GIMME FIVE!" Joe cackled evilly as he and Katy both lifted up their hands and gave each other a great big high-five of approval.

"All right, Lammy, I think I know EXACTLY what we should do with YOU!" Joe stepped right back out of the closet and chuckled as smugly as ever, giving Katy a wink and a thumbs-up while

Lammy glared so soul-piercingly begrudgingly at him that even Parappa and Ma-San, who were both sitting directly BEHIND her eyesockets, made the obligatory "if looks could kill" comment.

"And what exactly would THAT be, pardon my asking? Perhaps you would like to get me a fucking BRAIN SURGEON so I can get these fucking DISGUSTING PARASITES out of my head before they cause me to go any more fucking insane than I already am?!" Lammy frustratedly sneered at Joe, clenching her hands into fists and gritting her teeth in painstakingly balled-up anger.

"Oh, don't you WORRY, Lammikins; DADDY'S here for you, oh yes he IS!" Joe laughed mockingly at Lammy as he politely guided Katy right back out the front door of his office and immediately locked said door behind him.

"UMM...W-WHAT EXACTLY D-DO YOU MEAN B-BY THAT, PARDON MY FUCKING ASKING?!" Lammy screamed in terror as Joe and Mr. Horse pulled down their pants and threw them right off with exceedingly horny twinkles in their eyes as they dominantly surrounded poor Lammy on both sides.

"I...I actually REALLY don't like where this is going, to be perfectly honest with you..." Parappa sighed nervously and more than a little disgustedly as Joe's and Mr. Horse's absurdly large penises began mouthwateringly dangling and flapping in the arctic-cold air-conditioner wind.

"Oh, believe me, I DO...I REALLY, REALLY DO..." Ma-San gasped, wheezed and panted in nearly incalculable arousal, converting the brain-cam view back into third-person again as Joe and Mr. Horse forcefully dragged Lammy over to the former's desk and then just-AS-forcefully directed her attention to the big white CONTRACT sheet that laid upon it.

"Alright, slutty BITCH (punches Lammy upside the head for literally no apparent reason whatsoever), I'd say it's about time I showed you how us PROFESSIONALS do things around here!" Joe began cackling evilly as he pointed intently to the SHOW BOOBS part of the contract and then proceeded to glare even more intently at Lammy's chest while she just nervously backed away and did the jazz hands in response.

"TAKE YOUR GODDAMNED CLOTHES OFF, WOMAN!" Mr. Horse yelled furiously at Lammy, kicking her in the vagina with his left hoof and causing her to tightly, reflexively clutch her crotch area and croon like a little girl in sheer agonizing pain while Parappa and Ma-San reluctantly (and completely NON-reluctantly) followed his instructions FOR her.

"W-WHAT THE FUCK KIND OF BUSINESS OPERATION IS THIS (slaps self) WITHOUT SOME GOOD OLD-FASHIONED HORRIFIC OBJECTIFICATION OF WOMEN?!" Lammy began conflictly laughing and sobbing maniacally as she involuntarily took off every last article of her clothing and squatted down on her knees, shamefully accepting her role as the Parappa fandom's Memetic Sex Goddess while Mr. Horse meticulously positioned his great big throbbing horse cock RIGHT in-between her big bulbous boobs.

"EXACTLY, FAITHFUL SERVANT! NOW BEAR YOUR LOVELY FORBIDDEN FRUIT TO US, WILL YA?!" Joe yelled commandingly at Lammy, smacking her upside the head yet again with his elbow as he himself also got down on his knees and began rigorously thrusting his OWN ludicrously massive cock STRAIGHT into her tight, wrinkly butthole, spanking her ass cheeks utterly RAW and tender like great big slabs of juicy medium-rare lamb steak all the while.

"At this rate, we're gonna have that damned contract as good as signed before we even KNOW it!" Mr. Horse moaned and bleated loudly with delight as Lammy lovingly slid her big juicy tits against his already-rapidly-hardening shaft while Joe continued to literally fuck her right up the ass.

"OH, SWEET HEAVENS...NEVER BEFORE IN ALL OF MY PATHETIC, SOCIALLY AWKWARD YEARS HAVE I FELT SO UNSPEAKABLY VIOLATED...SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME- (slaps self) -I MEAN, RECORD THIS ON VIDEO CAMERA, PLEASE!" Lammy screamed in a horrifically confused and conflicting mixture of both terror and ecstasy as she reluctantly yet uncontrollably eagerly brought her long, slimy tongue up to the very tippy tip of Mr. Horse's enormous foreskin and began gently, teasingly licking it with glee before finally removing his penis from her cleavage, enclosing her entire right hand around it and shamefully inserting it directly into her glittery-hot-pink-lipsticked mouth as her butt began tearing from Joe's immense pelvic thrusting force.

"OH LORD, THIS CRAZY REDHEADED POT-SMOKING HIPPIE BITCH IS GIVING ME VASTLY MORE OF A BONER THAN I EVER IMAGINED MYSELF BARGAINING FOR..." Mr. Horse thought surprisedly to himself, leaning ever-so-slightly backward and clutching the CONTRACT page tightly as could be in his own right hand as Lammy began sucking his giant brown cock like the big, meaty, fleshy lollipop that it was, causing it to grow harder and stiffer by the millisecond while Parappa's and Ma-San's sexual organs did much of the same.

"OH MAN, FUCKING TELL US ABOUT IT!" Parappa and Ma-San moaned loudly with immense satisfaction, masturbating furiously to Lammy's equally immense torment and public humiliation while Joe began excitedly counting down his last ten remaining seconds until climax.

"TEN...NINE...EIGHT...SEVEN...SIX...FIVE...FOUR...THREE...TWO...ONE..." Joe began ritualistically chanting as Lammy began ferociously pushing AGAINST his force with her thighs just to make sure that his great big doggy dick went straight down her anal cavity that much harder, while also outright deepthroating Mr. Horse's literal horse cock and unbelievably sluttily stroking and sliding her tongue all over its unfathomably hard and erect shaft until finally...FINALLY...

"NEEEEEIGH-HEIGH-HEIGH-HEIGH-HEIGH!" Mr. Horse orgasmically whinnied at the tops of his ever-loving lungs as his diamond-hard penis violently convulsed and throbbed before finally erupting like a volcano and gushing out what seemed like at least half a gallon of hot, sticky horse sperm into Lammy's digestive system, all over her face AND all over her boobs as well.

"SWEET BOUNTIFUL MOTHER NATURE, THIS IS THE ABSOLUTE GREATEST, MOST GRATUITOUSLY PATRIOTIC FEELING I HONESTLY THINK I'VE EVER HAD IN MY ENTIRE PENCIL-PUSHING, SCRUB-SCAMMING LIFE!" Joe screamed and roared mightily in disbelieving amazement as he filled Lammy's butt with his (disgustingly artificial and corporate idea of) love.

"AHHHHHH, YEAHHHHH..." Parappa and Ma-San absentmindedly moaned and drooled, the former's recently ejaculated semen already dripping down his face as the two of them literally passed out from sheer sexual excitement overload, putting the backs of their hands over their foreheads and straight-up swooning head-over-heels in truly classic mid-20th-century fashion.

"Alright, you stupid fucking pothead, let's see if you can at least figure out how to sign the damned CONTRACT without our assistance, if nothing else!" Mr. Horse arrogantly teased Lammy, laying said document face-up on the table and also setting a pen right next to it as a literal Trojan HORSE trick on his part to make it SEEM as if Lammy was supposed to sign the contract through traditional means.

"HA, PSYCHE! Just kidding, loyal comrade, you literally CAN'T!" Joe laughed like the complete idiot that he very much was as he cheaply snuck up behind Lammy and violently slammed her entire semen-coated face RIGHT into the document, effectively signing it via FACE-print!

"Perhaps MAYBE this unfortunate debacle would not have occurred in the FIRST place, young ma'am, if you had simply THOUGHT at least once to buy war bonds instead of those godforsaken WHORE bonds that I keep hearing about!" Joe began jeering snidely at Lammy, who had already been completely knocked out by the face-slamming and was unable to even hear him...unlike those fucking DISGUSTING PARASITES living in her brain, I can definitely tell you that much.

"Man, that guy is just SUCH a fucking selfish, egomaniacal douche..." Parappa tiredly rested his left cheek on the corresponding hand and groaned every bit as irritatedly as ever in yet MORE insufferably agonizing second-hand shame from being basically the same animal species as Joe.

"I know, right? I just wanna get back to mind-controlling and torturing Lammy from the inside for my own wondrous amusement! He's so fucking BORING!" Ma-San whined in a way that literally could ONLY have been non-sarcastic coming from someone like her, causing Parappa to angrily bash his own big fluffy head (not THAT one, you absolute fucking sickos) against his respectively designated one of Lammy's brain-control keyboards in a fit of frustration from how ridiculously long the loading screen for the poor, POOR girl's wake-up cycle was taking.

"So tell me, Mr. Horse; what do YOU think about the way that the two of us treat women?" Joe condescendingly leaned his elbow against Mr. Horse's shoulder and curiously asked him.

"No sir, I don't like it." Mr. Horse responded flatly as the very girl that the two of them THOUGHT they had just literally caused to flat-LINE from how brutally hard they had just smashed her face into Joe's desk suddenly woke right back up with easily her biggest jolt yet!

## Chapter 3

### TILBOP PART 4

"ANALYSIS CONCLUSIVE. EVERY SINGLE FUCKING PERSON IN THIS ENTIRE GODFORSAKEN SHIT-HEAP OF A TOWN IS 100 PERCENT OUT TO GET ME, CONFIRMED." Lammy robotically stated as she suddenly awoke from the impossibly minor coma that Joe Chin's slamming of her face into his desk had brought upon her and sprung right back up onto her feet as if nothing had ever happened.

"For fuck's sake, SNAP out of it!" Katy yelled frustratedly at her, slapping her upside the head and causing said head to literally spin a full 1800 degrees, which in turn caused it to LITERALLY pop right off and roll/bounce around the room like a big orange basketball.

"OOF! OW! D'OH! OUCH! YICK!" Parappa and Ma-San yelled and grunted in pain as they literally began bouncing off the walls of Lammy's brain, causing her to audibly wince in roughly equal pain as a result.

"Oh COME ON, let's not go losing our HEADS now, at least!" Mr. Horse jeered smugly at Lammy as he stylishly dribbled her head across the room (and between his legs), then flipped it upside-down, spun it around on his right index fingertip and flipped it rightside-up again in a perfect U-turn motion onto Lammy's neck, causing it to almost instantaneously screw itself right back on.

"OOOOOOOGH...I think I'm gonna HURL..." Ma-San groaned nauseatedly as she and Parappa dizzily rocked back and forth in their seats from how much they had just been spun around.

"Are you KIDDING?! THAT WAS THE ABSOLUTE BEST MERRY-GO-ROUND RIDE I'VE EVER BEEN ON! Somebody PLEASE let me do it again, PLEASE!" Parappa began laughing maniacally.

"OH, how I yearn for death's sweet embrace..." Lammy slurred just as dizzily and lightheadedly as her highly unwelcome brain stowaways as Joe forcefully, rigorously shook her back into focus.

"Alright, listen up, fellow money-launderer; before we'll allow you to become the new secretary of Joe Chin's glorious fan club, first you'll need to...ACQUAINT yourself with all of the local music masters!" Joe explained valiantly to Lammy, slapping her on the back of the head so hard that it sent Parappa and Ma-San flying right out of their seats and directly into the screen of her central nervous supercomputer, which they left great big literal CRACKS in as a result!

"Geez, I sure hope there's a WARRANTY for that..." Parappa groaned exasperatedly as he and Ma-San slowly but surely slid down the screen like ketchup-and-molasses mixture dripping down a brick wall.

"Don't worry, it's self-repairing..." Ma-San coughed, sputtered and choked, struggling to bring the air back into her lungs as the two of them finally plopped back down onto the veiny, wrinkly, pulsating floor of Lammy's brain once again and reluctantly retook their seats, making sure to fasten their seatbelts this time.

"Um, okay...pray do tell, however, exactly HOW many of these so-called MUSIC MASTERS are we talking about here? And why don't I count as one, HMM?" Lammy asked Joe irritably, crossing her arms over her chest and tapping her foot impatiently while Katy also did the same.

"Oh, believe me; if we're talking about making me fucking MOAN like the Phantom Of The Opera



after losing the love of his life, then you most certainly DO!" Mr. Horse jeered abusively at Lammy, spanking her ever-so-objectifyingly on the ass while Joe pulled out a surprisingly short list containing all ten of the music teachers from Parappa 1 and Um Jammer Lammy.

"Um, o-kay...but, uh, what about Parappa? Shouldn't HE count as one of them, too?" Lammy asked Joe puzzledly, stroking her chin with her fingers while Parappa angrily ranted about said oversight from deep within the poor girl's head.

"I KNOW, right?! I mean, seriously, COME ON, my game costs, like, literally over TWICE as much on average for Playstation Network purchase than THAT slutty bitch's!" Parappa threw his arms out in front of him and yelled in profoundly arrogant disbelief at what he had just witnessed.

"Well yeah, but it's also not even HALF as wholesome OR as interesting of a game as hers!" Ma-San growled angrily at him, shaking her head in disappointment from his excruciating lack of both musical AND video game taste.

"THEN WHY DOES IT FUCKING COST PRACTICALLY TEN DOLLARS MORE THAN HERS?!" Parappa yelled furiously at Ma-San, tackling her onto the spongy, wrinkly ground in a fit of jealous rage as a great big dust cloud of fists, feet and stars immediately began forming around the two of them.

"Oh, bitch, PLEASE; that fucking colossally overrated sack of white-bread shit has never even performed a SINGLE rap number of his own yet!" Mr. Horse fell over and rolled on the floor laughing at Lammy's almost equally poor taste. "For crying out loud, literally EVERY SINGLE FUCKING SONG on his first two albums so far has been nothing more than him just copying what his INSTRUCTORS say! More like Parappa the fucking VERBATIM WORD REPEATER, am I right?!" Mr. Horse continued, wiping the tears from his eyes and asking Joe mockingly as he finally got back up onto his hooves.

"Oh, don't feel TOO bad; I'm sure you'll get another try SOME day! Maybe an ENTIRE YEAR later, in fucking 2101! I sincerely doubt that THAT game's going to be ANY less of a fucking overhyped disappointment, though!" Ma-San laughed teasingly at (and smugly slapped the back of) Parappa, whose jaw had now completely dropped to the floor in utter disbelief while bitter, salty tears leaked from his now-black eyes that stared blankly and lifelessly at the screen with their pupils dilated into nearly microscopic dots.

"HA HA! EXACTLY, my beloved confederate!" Joe merrily agreed with Mr. Horse, reaching around him and giving him a muchly appreciated pat on the shoulder while Lammy reluctantly nodded her head in agreement with them.

"Come on, Lammy; let's get out of here before these greedy scumbags become any more full of themselves!" Katy urgently commanded Lammy, grabbing her by the hand and forcefully yanking her out of the room and back into the Empire Chin Building's top-floor hallway area.

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

"Okay, so what's the plan for this whole 'ACQUAINTING myself' business?" Lammy asked Katy rather worriedly, blushing and sweating intensely at the mere thought of what Joe and Mr. Horse more-than-likely meant by that statement as the two of them finally finished their elevator ride all the way back down to the first-floor reception room and walked right back out through the building's front revolving door to the latter's adorably cattishly-decorated car.

"THERE IS NONE! Just do what you do best; be a total skanky SLUT!" Katy laughed mockingly at poor, poor nervously-trembling-and-weeping Lammy, hugging her and patting her on the

shoulder just like Joe had done with Mr. Horse as the two of them took off to their first and foremost destination while Parappa and Ma-San set Lammy's brain-cam to third-person recording mode and eagerly began reaching into their crotch areas in unbearable anticipation.

#### AT CHOP CHOP MASTER ONION'S BACK-ALLEY DUMPSTER DOJO...

"STRIP!" Chop Chop (his filthy, smelly hobo self from Um Jammer Lammy, to be exact) instructed Lammy, who involuntarily stripped herself naked, crossed her legs, threw back her hair, placed one hand on the back of her head and the other on her hips, blew him a wet sloppy kiss and flashed her ripely firm and plump boobies at him (once again via internal command by Parappa and Ma-San) while his entire backup unit of onion apprentices violently sprayed copious amounts of blood from their confusingly existent noses and swooned with delight.

"TURN!" Chop Chop continued instructing Lammy as she just-as-involuntarily turned her smoothly sculpted back towards him, teasingly rubbing and spanking her ass all the while.

"BEND OVER!" Chop Chop continued instructing Lammy even further as she literally bent forward against her own will, got down on her knees and spread out her ass cheeks with her tightly clenched hands.

"BEAR IT!" Chop Chop furiously commanded Lammy, harnessing his truly immense inner rage toward the First World and its equally immense arrogance and using it to brutally drive his unwashed, reeking feet directly into Lammy's shitty asshole one after the other, making sure to dig all the way in with them so that they both ended up completely coated in filthy, nasty shit residue.

"NOW WORSHIP!" Chop Chop assertively demanded as he casually sat down on the pavement, outstretching and crossing his greasy spindly legs so that the dirty, fetid soles of his big, sweaty, repugnantly atrocious-smelling feet were all but literally pressed right into Lammy's face.

"Oh, dear lord, no, not this, PLEASE...for shit's sake, ANYTHING but this!" Lammy began helplessly thinking to herself in a fit of terror, causing Parappa and Ma-San to laugh uproariously at her already-clinically-depressed expense as the former smugly removed his left shoe and used the corresponding foot to push her big green YES button while lovingly licking and sucking Ma-San's sexily smooth and padded mouse soles and toes like lollipops all the while, taken aback by how unbelievably delicious the resulting flavor mixture of foot sweat and brain juice was to him.

"Well, here goes NOTHING...I mean, besides basically ALL of my fucking DIGNITY, that is..." Lammy hopelessly thought to herself, illiciting even more insufferably snarky giggles and shit-eating grins from her resident sentient brain parasites as she slowly and reluctantly (yet still COMPLETELY uncontrollably) brought out her tongue from in-between her lips and extended it gradually closer to Chop Chop's unspeakably stagnant, sweat-drenched feet...and closer...and closer...AND CLOSER STILL...AND...

"Yup, it tastes AND smells exactly as I expected...like the rotten fly-infested asshole of a fucking homeless roadkill SKUNK, drenched in moldy liquid Limburger cheese..." Lammy revoltedly, nauseatingly thought to herself, her face turning green with disgust as Parappa and Ma-San unhesitantly forced her to lick, sniff and suck every last square inch of his feet until they were so clean that she could almost see her own saliva-dripping REFLECTION on them!

"That'll be five dollars payment to ME, please!" Chop Chop smugly commanded Lammy, who was already far too busy almost-literally puking her guts out into the nearest dumpster to even hear what he was saying.

#### IN OFFICER MOOSELINI'S CAR...

"CHECK! AND TURN! THE SIGNALS TO THE LEFT!" Mooselini angrily instructed Lammy while she nervously fumbled about with the steering wheel, wondering which of the two main options her newly acquired brain worms would take on the list of remarkably humiliating and degrading things to force her into doing via mind control...and having her number-one suspicion thoroughly confirmed shortly thereafter by a newly discovered control apparatus that Parappa had just found in the peripheral cabinet of her brain's ridiculously massive supercomputer!

"Actually, you know what? You handle the raping; I'll handle the murdering!" Ma-San began cackling dementedly as she switched Parappa over into the passenger seat while she took the driver's seat, grabbing Lammy's steering wheel with her disproportionately large hands and pushing her gas pedal to the brain tissue with her boner-inducingly long and big-toed foot.

"WHOA, HOLY SHIT, WOMAN! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!" Mooselini began screaming in terror as Lammy tackled her onto her back, stripped both her AND herself completely and "udderly" buck-naked from head to toe and began viciously molesting the poor unsuspecting moose all over from top to bottom with her hands while manning the steering wheel with her impossibly flexible feet.

"YEAH, WHO'S CHECKING AND TURNING THE FUCKING SIGNALS TO THE LEFT NOW, MOTHERFUCKER?!" Lammy yelled enragedly at Mooselini, pulling out a rather cleverly concealed Katy-autographed jock strap from the glove box with her free foot and forcing Mooselini to ever-so-tightly fasten it around her waist for her own selfish convenience while she brutally slugged the poor moose right across the face with her fists all the while.

(Meanwhile, her inner self was helplessly trembling and weeping in shame, naturally.)

"WOO! HIGH FUCKING SCORE, BABY!" Ma-San laughed psychotically as she steered Lammy's vehicle through a great big delicious swarm of people from literally all walks of life, from anthropomorphic miniature piano keyboards to anthropomorphic HUMAN EARS just to name a few.

"OHH...AT LEAST YOU'RE LICENSED FOR THIS, IF NOTHING ELSE..." Mooselini moaned and crooned in immense arousal as the car plowed right through god-knows-how-many impossibly fragile fire hydrants, streetlights and newspaper stands and caused a whole LEGION of unsuspecting pedestrian cars to violently crash and burn behind it while Lammy brutally plowed RIGHT through her cloaca (and therefore into her birth canal) with the dildo while erotically caressing her with her hands and wetly, sloppily licking and sucking her tits with her big, moist, pink-lipped mouth before finally french-kissing her until she finally let loose a climax for the ages.

"SWEET LACTATING MOOESHA ON THE HOOD OF A MERCEDES-BENZ, THIS IS THE GREATEST FUCKING FEELING I'VE EVER HAD IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!" Mooselini shrieked in orgasmic ecstasy as her tits and pussy alike violently quaked and began spraying out literally half a gallon of milk and estrogen ALL OVER the car's windshield and dashboard while Lammy crashed the car into yet ANOTHER back-alley dumpster and then proceeded to lovingly lick up the remaining portion right off of her beauteously shapen naked body.

"GOOD NIGHT, SWEET PRINCESS..." Lammy softly cooed with delight as she just-as-softly cradled Mooselini's naked body in her arms and casually walked away from the now-burning vehicle, throwing her head back and melodramatically singing "AND I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU" at the tops of her lungs as the car completely exploded into pieces for no apparent reason behind her while a whole cavalcade of undercover cop cars gathered around her.

AT PRINCE FLEASWALLOW'S FLEA MARKET, AFTER JOE CHIN HAD PAID THE ROUGHLY 20-DOLLAR FEE TO BREAK LAMMY OUT OF HER ONE-WEEK PRISON

SENTENCE...

"Hey, mon, I just smuggled...er, I mean, FOUND another copy of that precious SHRINK RAY of yours!" Prince Fleaswallow informed Lammy as he furtively dug around in his flea market's numerous junk piles before finally locating said shrink ray and pulling it right out of the pile.

"Mind if I, oh I dunno, TEST IT OUT on ya, fellow pothead?" Fleaswallow asked Lammy teasingly as he maliciously intently pointed his shrink gun directly at her and readied himself to fire it.

"Um, YEAH- (slaps self) -ER, I MEAN, MOST CERTAINLY NOT, GOOD SIR! DO WITH ME WHATEVER YOU PLEASE!" Lammy clutched her head and laughed maniacally, the increasingly awkward clash between Parappa's and Ma-San's control over her and her own free will already beginning to take its toll more than ever as Fleaswallow fired his gun right at Lammy's mortified, disbelieving face and fired the shot that officially killed her faith in animal humanity once and for all!

## TILBOP PART 5

"Oh brother, where am I NOW?!" Lammy groaned irritably, then covered her mouth with her hands and loudly gasped in equal parts shock, terror and helplessness as she got down on her knees, gazed straight up into the air and found Fleaswallow, who now appeared to be the absolute largest living being than she had ever personally seen up-close in her entire miserable life, ominously hovering over her in his lawnchair, dangling his crossed legs intimidatingly from the edge of his seat and teasingly swinging his flip-flops up and down from the toe-ends of his freakishly thin and bony frog feet.

"Wow, good thing WE shrank too..." Parappa and Ma-San relievedly thought to themselves.

"Boy, you sure are an awfully pretty fly for an orange lamb...but alas, EVERY no-good scheming fly that double-crosses me meets the same gruesome fate from this day onward! Let's see YOU try to shoplift my fucking weed supply again after I've put YOU through THIS de-animal-izingly grueling experience, shall we?" Fleaswallow glared evilly and growled lividly at Lammy, humming a teasing Jamaican tune as he just-as-teasingly slipped off his sandals and brought his big, slimy, amphibious left foot right down on top of her.

"Yeah, how do YOU like it, HMM? Getting stomped on by my sweaty, slimy fucking FEET? You'd better lick and massage those babies REAL fucking good, you hear me?!" Fleaswallow snarked bitterly at Lammy as he forcefully pressed the surprisingly soft heels, arches and balls of his feet against her now-fully-clothed body (completely ruining her clothes, naturally), rolling her back and forth on the pavement (like a rolling pin flattening dough, of course) and effectively coating her from head to toe in a glorious mixture of mud, swamp moss, dead scaly skin cells and his own rancid pheromone-loaded foot sweat while she just moaned and screamed in agony, licking and worshipping Fleaswallow's disgusting feet against her own will all the while.

"Now go ahead; just TRY and make it all the way up to my toes! WONDERFULLY tasty prizes await for you, I promise!" Fleaswallow snickered sadistically, wiggling his lovely webbed toes as he casually sat down on the pavement, placed his incredibly long feet straight up (from heels to toes) on the ground, covered his soles with warm, sticky climbing glue and pointed his way up from said heels to said toes with his index fingers.

"Okay, just gotta do this as FAST as possible...as fast as...HOLY FUCKING SHIT, I'M GONNA DIE, I'M GONNA DIE!" Lammy began melodramatically shrieking in horror as she reluctantly removed her own footwear and began scaling the smooth, scaly, glue-coated surface of

Fleaswallow's bare left sole...when suddenly, Fleaswallow began slowly but surely massaging his way up said sole with his thumbs!

"PHEW! MADE IT! ALL MINE! HIS NUTRITIOUS DELICIOUS TOE JAM! MINE! ALL FUCKING MINE!" Lammy began laughing maniacally as she uncontrollably began eating out the dirty, sweaty lint from Fleaswallow's toe-webbing while he just relaxedly leaned back in his chair, pressed the sides of his feet tightly together, erotically wiggled his amphibious toes and moaned with delight all the while, giving Lammy ample time to climb directly over onto his other foot and repeat the exact same process on the REST of his toe webbing!

"Alright, you little BUGGER, have fun rotting away in my STOMACH!" Fleaswallow laughed uproariously as he lifted the sole of his right foot to meet his gaze and, upon finding Lammy STILL busy stuffing herself silly with his disgusting toe jam, extended out his frightfully long amphibious tongue and literally caught Lammy like a fly!

"NO, GOD, PLEASE NO, NOT LIKE THIS! NOOOOOO!" Lammy shrieked in horror as Fleaswallow pulled her into his massive, gaping mouth and began yet another one of his newly trademarked torture rituals.

"WAAAUUUGGGHHH!" Lammy continued screaming in terror as she plummeted straight down through the esophagus into Fleaswallow's stomach while he just smugly laid back in his chair, rubbed and patted his belly, crossed his arms behind his head and burped loudly with satisfaction.

"AH...all in a day's wor- URRRGH...OWWW...GYAAAAAAH! JESUS FUCK, MY STOMACH IS LITERALLY KILLING ME WITH THE CRAMPS, IT IS! WHAT THE HELL IS THAT CRAZY BITCH DOING IN THERE?!" Fleaswallow yelled, screamed, cried and tightly clutched his belly in agony, convulsing and writhing in all manner of different directions as Lammy filed her fingernails and toenails into perfectly razor-sharp blades and used them to shred Fleaswallow's poor, aching stomach into pieces from the inside.

"One frog that has always made me want to fucking dissect him ever since the very first time I met him...DISSECTED!" Lammy began maniacally laughing (SHOCKINGLY out of her own free will, no less) as she pulled out a can of Red Bull from her pocket, guzzled it down like a wild animal and grew magical wings as a result, which she then used to fly right back up Fleaswallow's gullet and directly attack his precious little heart and lungs.

"THIS is for scamming me into buying a fucking PHILIPS CD-I for 500 DOLLARS!" Lammy roared in a fit of quite literally animalistic rage as she pulled out one of Paul Chuck's autographed BITE ME chainsaws from her pocket and went on a horrifyingly ferocious rampage through the now-completely-defenseless Fleaswallow's respiratory system, reducing what astonishingly little was already left of his bronchial tree into nothing more than a miserable little pile of glorified tinder branches, which she then pulled out a match from her pocket and lit on fire (please note, she was doing literally ALL of this out of her own free will).

"And THIS is for trying to fucking EAT me!" Lammy continued roaring ferociously as she made her way through the poor bastard's pulmonary artery into the rapidly, desperately beating sack of cowardice he called his heart, put her chainsaw back into her pocket and used her fittingly blood-red fingernails to deliver the coup-de-grace.

"BLEEEAUUGH!" Fleaswallow loudly, disgustingly retched and heaved, literally vomiting his bloody guts out and collapsing unconscious onto the ground (face-up, with his left hand over his chest and his tongue hanging absentmindedly out of his mouth) as Lammy disgustedly crawled out from his thoroughly ruptured heart and was grown back to normal size along with her footwear (using the shrink ray's reverse function, of course) by Katy while a massive pool of blood began

forming around Fleaswallow's lifeless, X-eyed body.

"Now THAT'S, uh...ONE way to dissect a brainless money-laundering frog...uh, sweetie, pardon my asking, but...are you OKAY? Like, mentally?" Katy chuckled worriedly, trying really, REALLY hard to hide how absolutely terrified she was actually becoming OF the poor thing...and understandably failing miserably.

"..." Parappa and Ma-San speechlessly gawked in stupefied disbelief at what they had just witnessed Lammy doing out of her own free will, with their jaws dropped thoroughly to the floor, their eyelids twitching in disgust, and their pupils having shrunk into dots too small for even a Pac-Mouse while Katy reluctantly loaded Lammy back into her car yet again and drove her to her next destination.

#### ON CHEAP CHEAP'S COOKING SHOW...

"Your dildo is enchanted, sperm-producing as well; tonight we'll make an EGG if you couldn't tell!" Cheap Cheap sang as she wrapped her lovely, lovely chicken talons (feet, if you will) around Lammy's shaft, pointed it directly into her vagina and vigorously stroked it up and down as if she was churning butter until finally...FINALLY...

"COCK-A-DILDA-DOOOOOO!" Cheap Cheap squawked ear-piercingly loudly with excitement as Lammy's magical Chop Chop sperm squirted and gushed directly into her ovaries, giving her just the chemical catalyst she needed in order to finish making her finest egg yet!

"SQUAWWWK!" she squawked just as loudly as she spread out her legs as wide as they could possibly go (spread eagle position, if you will) and agonizingly pushed the egg out!

"U-um...u-u-uhh...h-HI!" Lammy's and Cheap Cheap's absolutely adorable new redheaded lamb-chick hybrid (whose face looked literally EXACTLY like Lammy's) instantaneously popped out of the egg and chirped, causing Lammy to reflexively go AWW!

"Well, if it's part of the contract, I suppose we HAVE to make her do it..." Parappa and Ma-San sighed, suddenly growing a conscience for once and actually starting to feel ever-so-slightly BAD for poor Lammy as they reluctantly made her do even MORE of the unthinkable obscene.

"OOH, WHAT A YUMMY-LOOKING BABY! OM NOM NOM NOM NOM!" Lammy laughed dementedly as she grabbed Cheap Cheap's egg off of the floor, dumped its resident stupidly adorable little sheep-chicklet into her mouth, chewed it into bloody bits and then resoundingly swallowed it.

"My GOD, what in the name of Chickadee CHRIST is going on in that crazy bitch's head?!" Cheap Cheap shrieked disgustedly at Lammy while the poor girl got down on her knees, buried her head in her hands and began intensely, hopelessly sobbing and weeping in shame.

"I could easily say the same about YOU, you know!" Parappa furiously yelled at the equally furiously masturbating Ma-San, bitch-slapping her right across the face in unspeakable revulsion.

#### IN KING KONG MUSHI'S BACKSTAGE CLOSET...

"The flea that looks like a SPIDER felt all over your bod!" King Kong Mushi sang teasingly as he lovingly caressed and cuddled Lammy's beautiful naked body with his no less than FOUR arms while ramming his unsurprisingly large Jamaican penis into her vagina just as rigorously as ever.

"To Lammy's pre-de-CESS-or, this is quite the nod!" Lammy sang arousedly as King Kong Mushi teasingly bit her left ear and pulled on it with his teeth, then proceeded to extend his unbelievably

long extendable tongue through her ear canal and directly into her brain.

"OH SHIT, we better not get fondled by this guy!" Parappa gasped in horror as he and Ma-San desperately backed themselves up against the wall of Lammy's right hemisphere and locked themselves in its emergency bathrooms to avoid getting molested by Mushi's tentacle-like tongue.

"The existence of fetishes like these makes me wanna DIE!" Lammy sang depressedly, referring in equal parts to both the brain-invasion shenanigans AND the fucking erotic nursery-rhyme spoofing as Mushi licked her brain all over from top to bottom while also depositing a HUGE load of semen into Lammy's vagina (don't worry, she generally uses condoms for stuff like this...GENERALLY, at least).

"It's been one of those days..." Parappa and Ma-San returned to their seats at Lammy's central control supercomputer, rested their cheeks on their hands and groaned exhaustedly as Katy drove Lammy over to her next set of destinations, where she would finally get to revisit the exclusive cast of her OWN game!

## Chapter 4

### TILBOP PART 6

IN THE FIRETRUCK-PARKING GARAGE OF CHIEF PUDDLE'S FIREHOUSE...

"PUDDLE, FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS HOLY, PLEASE HELP ME!" Lammy screamed and cried in just as pathetically helpless of absolute terror as always, collapsing face-down onto her chest and grabbing Chief Puddle by his fat dalmatian ankles in an act of supreme begging.

"My GAW-ly, what seems to be yo stupid ass' problem, huh? Dehydrated or some shit?" Chief Puddle asked her curiously, reaching over to the garage's emergency fire hose and deftly uncoiling it just in case.

"FOR FUCK'S SAKE, NO, THE PROBLEM IS IN MY HEAD!" Lammy wailed hopelessly, pointing to the side of her ridiculously large noggin for emphasis. "I'VE BEEN INFESTED WITH FUCKING SENTIENT MIND-CONTROLLING BRAIN PARASITES WITH A HORRIBLE CASE OF SADISM AND CAN'T FUCKING GET THEM OUT! PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU, HELP ME! MY FUCKING SANITY DEPENDS ON IT!" she began begging even louder, even going as far as to slavishly lick his shoes.

"Well, if ya SAY so...sigh..." Chief Puddle groaned distrustingly as he turned the fire hose up to nearly full blast and jammed it into Lammy's right ear while Parappa's firefighter mom came in from the opposite side of the room and stuck the OTHER emergency fire hose into her LEFT ear, causing her poor, poor brain to completely flash-flood with water while Parappa and Ma-San screamed at the tops of their lungs and nearly had a heart attack in response!

"Wait a minute...those fucking voices in my head...OH MY GOD, IT CAN'T BE!" Lammy put her hands over her cheeks, made the classic Home Alone face and gasped in disbelief as she suddenly had the single most shocking realization of her entire life, electrocuting Parappa and Ma-San and causing them to scream even louder while the water from the fire hoses embarrassingly drained out of Lammy's head through her nostrils, leaving Parappa and Ma-San pathetically choking, coughing and gasping for air on the wrinkly, fleshy floor of her brain.

"Mama Parappa? Get the endoscopy hose." Lammy irritably, disgustingly commanded Parappa's mom, who, after digging around in the garage's massive toolbox for a few seconds, pulled out just that; a fucking endoscopy tube in the toolbox of a firehouse, who would've thought?

"Alright, now let's get us a good-ass look-see at exactly WHAT the hell's going on in there, shall we?" Chief Puddle asked Lammy worriedly as he set the endoscopy tube's gigantic coil box on the floor, plugged it into the wall and used its wireless remote controller to extend the tube through Lammy's right nasal passageway and FINALLY into her tired, aching brain, at which point she and him alike (along with Mama Parappa) saw a truly un-THINK-able sight on the coil box's built-in side screen!

"PARAPPALUS THEODORE RAPPERTY! What in GOD'S name are you doing in this clinically insane stoner's BRAIN?! You have absolutely NO idea where it's been!" Mama Parappa yelled furiously at Parappa while the poor kid nervously stuck his arms out in front of him and waved his hands back and forth frantically in the classic "IT'S NOT WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE" gesture.

"For motherfucking crying out loud, I thought the world had already DAMNED thoroughly washed its filthy hands of fucking disgustingly depraved bullshit like this a LONG time ago!" Chief Puddle



ranted nauseatedly, ever-so-slightly throwing up into his mouth as he saw all of the incredibly painful-looking internal damage the intruders had caused to Lammy's central nervous system.

"MARTINEZ INGRID SANTIAGO! What in GOD'S name are you doing in my clinically insane stoner BRAIN?! You fucking know WAY too much for comfort about where it's been, don't you?!" Lammy shrieked revoltedly, clutching her head with both hands and trembling with fear as she involuntarily turned around and bolted right out of the garage at ridiculous speed.

MEANWHILE, IN KATY'S THANKFULLY STATIONARILY PARKED CAR...

"Katy, you have a LOT of fucking explaining to do, YOU HEAR ME?!" Lammy gritted her teeth and growled bitterly, then suddenly shrieked infuriatedly at Katy, grabbing her by the neck and choking her with both hands while she just gagged, sputtered, coughed and absentmindedly hung out her tongue in response.

"W-WHAT F-F-FOR, P-PARDON MY (CHOKES, SPUTTER, COUGH) ASKING?!" Katy asked Lammy, desperately trying and failing to beat around the bush as her face began turning purple from lack of oxygen; all the while, Lammy's face was turning red as her hair with anger as scalding-hot steam poured out of her ears.

"YOU FUCKING KNOW WHAT!" Lammy roared lividly at Katy, tightening her grip around the poor kitten's neck even further while said kitten's lungs began shriveling up like raisins. "TELL ME, WHO DID YOU SNEAK INTO MY FUCKING COCAINE POWDER YESTERDAY, HMM? HMMMMMM?!"

"PA- (COUGH) RA- (WHEEZE, SPUTTER, CHOKES)" Katy coughed, gasped and wheezed some more, unable to even speak from how brutally hard Lammy was choking her as Ma-San, in a fit of desperation, slammed her right index finger straight down onto Lammy's familiarly orange and rectangular MERCY button with all of her might.

"(GASP, CHOKES, COUGH) OKAY, for fuck's sake, I'll tell you, just PLEASE don't kill me, PLEASE!" Katy exhaustedly collapsed back into the driver's seat and began breathing in and out to regain her energy. "Yes, it's true; Parappa and Ma-San WERE, in fact, stowed away in your noggin this whole time!"

"WHY?!" Lammy roared ferociously at Katy, swiping at her with her fingernails and leaving a nasty claw mark on her face as she reluctantly continued explaining her motivations behind carrying out such an undeniably despicable and morally degenerate task as the one that was currently underway.

"BECAUSE IT'S BY FAR THE EASIEST WAY FOR US TO STRIKE IT RICH, DUMBASS!" Katy frustratedly yelled back at Lammy, causing her to furiously bitch-slap her right across the face.

"Is that SERIOUSLY what this is all about? You just want to get your fucking GREEDY little mitts on a corruptly large sum of cash and become a fucking douchey arrogant shithead like Joe Chin; is THAT it?" Lammy growled angrily at Katy, balling her hands tightly into fists and glaring soul-piercingly at her.

"YES! FOR FUCK'S SAKE, YES!" Katy desperately explained to Lammy, nervously blocking her face with her forearms just in case her crazy alcoholic girlfriend tried to attack her yet again.

"Listen, pal; if you manage to successfully survive Joe's challenge and become the head secretary of his worldwide fan club, we'll be making AT LEAST a solid ONE HUNDRED motherfucking dollars PER DAY! Why, we'll never have to worry about not being able to afford a replacement for

one of our instruments AGAIN!" she continued, teasingly nudging Lammy in the process.

"Well, if it'll allow us to live long and prosper, then I guess I just HAVE to play along with it..." Lammy shrugged her shoulders, reluctantly nodded her pervert-infested head in agreement and sighed, thinking back to the classic "the more you suffer, you'll feel better when it's over" line from her band's (Milkcan's, AKA hers, Katy's and Ma-San's) smash-hit encore finale, Keep Your Head Up, from their more-than-somewhat embarrassingly titled UmJammer Lammy album while Katy eagerly revved up her automobile and blasted right off to their next destination!

AT CATHY PILLAR'S DAY-CARE...

"Watch and LEARN, rabbit babies (HERRRAAUUGH); now THIS right here is how the stupid BIRDS that EAT our beloved caterpillar kind feed each other (ELLARRRGH)!" Cathy Pillar raspily warbled as if her voice box had been warped into another dimension from chronic overexposure to radioactive cigarette smoke, vomiting pink candy-filled bubblegum vomit into the poor helpless blender that laid before her and Lammy not once but TWICE in the process.

"Um...well, I don't really have anything to VOMIT over at the moment, per se...I mean, besides maybe the fact that the entire fucking ROOM we're sitting in right now is literally completely MADE out of your godforsaken body segments..." Lammy sat criss-crossed on the floor, rested her cheek on her hand and sighed boredly and irritatedly while what appeared to be a great big swarm of multicolored bubblegum BALLS but was actually just Cathy's infinitely extendable rear-end segments surged through the background all around her, holding god-knows-how-many rabbit babies in its creepy, slimy hands.

"Oh, I'll give you something to fucking VOMIT over, believe you me...why, I've been saving up THIS wonderfully malodorous stench right here for roughly fifty YEARS..." Cathy Pillar explained teasingly to Lammy as she pulled off her shoes (all SIX of them, to be exact) and pressed all six of her moldy, sweaty, slimy, pus-oozing, freakishly un-naturally human feet against the poor girl's face, completely smothering her in their literally unbearable stench for approximately half of an entire minute and causing her eyes and nose to respectively water and bleed with chronic sensual discomfort in the process!

"HIC...HURK...BLEEEEEURRRRRRGH!" Lammy dry-heaved and retched violently, lunging over to the blender and throwing up two entire meals' worth of slimy orange-ish-brown vomit into said blender, filling it nearly all the way up to the top as Cathy crept her way back over to the blender to deliver the coup-de-grace!

"SEE? (BLEEEURAUGGGH!) Sometimes, you just gotta take advantage of the good old GAG reflex (HURRRRAOOOUUGH)!" Cathy mockingly explained to Lammy as she puked up yet another ridiculously large amount of smelly and disgusting candy vomit into the blender, finally filling it all the way up to the top as she eagerly pressed the lid down onto it and hit its HEAVY DUTY button.

"Yeah, this most certainly looks like it's going to TASTE like doodie, all right..." Lammy regretfully sighed to herself, rolling her eyes and face-palming herself as her vomit and Cathy's were both blended together into an astonishingly gross mixture that not even a mother could love.

"Now DRINK it (HEEEEURALLLGH)!" Cathy assertively commanded Lammy, drinking the whole smoothie in one gargantuan gulp and then forcefully pressing her mouth against Lammy's (which, naturally, had been opened via mind control) and puking up the whole damned drink into it while also shoving her entire body RIGHT in between her bottom set of caterpillar legs!

"OOOOGH...URRRRK...HILAUUGGGH!" Lammy painfully retched and vomited into the now-

gratuitously-spread-eagle-positioned Cathy's also moldy, sweaty, slimy, pus-oozing and freakishly un-naturally human vagina.

"NOW LICK IT UP!" Cathy angrily commanded Lammy, shoving her head deep into the dank, cavernous, fungus-growing depths of her vagina, where she encountered a truly nauseating stench unlike any she had ever smelt before!

"AAAAYAAAUUGGGHHH!" Lammy could be heard screaming in horror for miles around.

IN THE COCKPIT OF CAPTAIN FUSSENPEPPER'S AIRPLANE...

"Hey, here's a cool little joke for you!" Fussenpepper slurred dizzily, holding one of his local cockpit refridgerator's many, MANY beer bottles in his right hand while manning his primary steering wheel with the left. "What would you call a Middle Eastern terrorist organization founded by Benjamin Franklin in the late 1980s?"

"I dunno, what?" Lammy was forced to cluelessly ask via mind control, nervously providing the plane's secondary steering while Parappa and Ma-San just-as-nervously manned HER flight levers from deep within the internal cockpit of her head, having to annoyingly hear the sound of her ears popping every two seconds all the while.

"Electric-AI KITE-Da!" Fussenpepper laughed drunkenly, swaying back and forth in his seat like an idiot while Lammy unwillingly began LAUGHING like one...at one of the absolute stupidest jokes in recorded history, no less!

"GWAHAHAHAHA! OH MY GOD, I LITERALLY CAN'T STOP LAUGHING!" Lammy shockingly began (mind-controlledly) clutching her chest, slapping her knees so hard that they became in roughly equal pain to that of her brain, and busting out into tears from how hard she was laughing at Fussenpepper's quite literally retarded joke...when all of the sudden, a certain oddly specific cockpit ceiling panel directly above Fussenpepper broke loose and hit him right on the head, causing him to completely shift personalities from "doddering, absentminded old man" to "ridiculously angry drill-sergeant lunatic".

"NEWS FLASH; THAT WASN'T FUCKING FUNNY, JACKASS! YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO FUCKING LAUGH, RETARD!" Fussenpepper snarled and roared at Lammy like a complete anger-obsessed maniac, violently smashing his beer bottle against her head.

"Who are YOU calling a reee-taaard?" Lammy slurred dizzily with an amazingly dopey smile on her face as she absentmindedly began playing air-guitar with the secondary steering wheel while Katy began playing drums with the frightfully tall bump that had just erupted from the top of her head.

AT PAUL CHUCK'S LOG-CABIN-SHAPED GUITAR STORE...

"Um, hi, I'm uhh...I'm I-looking for some, uh...some recognition from you!" Lammy explained nervously to Paul Chuck from behind his cash-register counter, already intimidated to no end by his huge, morbidly obese- I mean, muscular and incredibly mean-looking lumberjack body.

"What KIND?" Paul asked Lammy curiously, publicly picking his nose in the process.

"Oh, you know, a COOL one that has awesome sound, reclining seats, power steering and dual AIRBAGS!" Lammy was mind-controlled into sarcastically saying in blatant reference to the good old days.

"What did I tell you before? I ain't got TIME for JOKERS!" Paul growled irritably at Lammy,

removing his finger from his nose to make room for the piping-hot steam shooting out of it.

"Oh no no no, I'm sorry!" Lammy giggled, stammered and waved her hands out in front of her face awkwardly, blushing deeply and hanging her head embarrassedly. "I just want some that's COOL, and cheap, and of course the monetary gain's gotta be superior!"

"Ooh, a GREEDY girl, AIN'T-CHA?" Paul gritted his teeth and bitterly snarled at Lammy.

"Oh, PLEEEASE, I'LL DO ANYTHING; ANYTHING, PLEEEAAASE?!" Lammy got down on her knees, tightly gripped the top-front corner of the counter with her hands and began sluttily begging against her own will while Parappa and Ma-San eagerly readied their sexual organs for a good old wank.

"ANNNYTHING?" Paul teasingly asked Lammy with a profoundly unsettling anime twinkle in his eyes.

"UH-HUH!" Lammy admitted degradingly to him with adorably sparkly anime eyes.

TWO MINUTES LATER, JUST OUTSIDE THE STORE'S ENTRANCE...

"OOH, I COME FROM ALABAMA WITH MY BANJO ON MY KNEE! WHEN THE FARMERS WANT A HORSE TO FUCK, THEY ALWAYS SETTLE ON ME!" Lammy, who was now PUBLICLY squatted down onto her hands and knees in a bondage outfit with numerous chicken feathers glued onto it, sang hilariously screechily and off-keyly at the tops of her lungs while Paul Chuck literally rode her like a horse, flogging her with his great big leather whip all the while as a huge line of people from literally ALL walks of life gathered behind her and literally fucked her up the ass.

"Do we have to pay to suck her dildo?" one of the anthropomorphic lima beans in the background crowd of people asked Paul curiously while another one of them drew remarkably perverted graffiti all over poor, poor Lammy's body with permanent markers.

"Nope, EVERY PART OF HER BODY IS FREE!" Paul Chuck laughed uproariously as Chop Chop took Lammy's outstretched bare soles and used them to give himself the footjob of a lifetime while an anthropomorphic shrimp slithered underneath her and sucked her big, dangling horse cock dry...

while an anthropomorphic board-game die walked up in front of her and used her mouth to give himself the BLOW-job of a lifetime, and also while an anthropomorphic 1950s coffee mug slithered underneath her and used her breasts to give himself the BOOB-job of a lifetime.

"Hmm, I wonder if her BRAIN is fuckable too?" an anthropomorphic cauliflower walked by and curiously mused to himself as he cartoonishly flipped open the top of Lammy's head and peeked inside.

"Wow, she actually HAS one?!" Paul Chuck clutched his chest and laughed uproariously as the anthro-cauliflower's big green dick came bursting in through the outer surface of Lammy's poor, poor brain, prompting Ma-San to climb up onto the inner roof of said brain, expand her mouth to gargantuan size and give the cauliflower man a nice big CHOMP where the sun didn't shine, causing Parappa to fall out of his chair laughing!

"Yeah, and it's apparently got some SERIOUS antibodies! YOWCH!" the cauliflower man and his gay pumpkin friend laughed as they yanked out Lammy's eyeballs and began fucking her eye sockets while her eyes just dangled lifelessly from their stalks.

AT TERIYAKI YOKO'S THEATRE IN HELL, AFTER LAMMY HAD LITERALLY BEEN FUCKED TO DEATH, AND HER BRAIN STOWAWAYS SECOND-HANDEDLY EMBARRASSED TO DEATH...

"Go on, CONFESS your deepest, darkest secrets! RELEASE YOUR INHIBITIONS! FEEL MY REIGN ON YOUR SINS! NO ONE ELSE CAN FEEL IT FOR YOU!" Teriyaki Yoko began loudly and cornily motivating Lammy in extremely blatant homage to the song "Unwritten" by Natasha Bedingfield as she slowly but surely lowered Lammy, who was now tightly tied up by the arms with (and, of course, nakedly dangling from a pulley system comprised of) frightfully rusty and squeaky chains, into a lava pit filled with skeletal sharks and razor-sharp, jet-black metal spikes galore while the massive crowd of (literal) brainless, hive-minded zombies in the background cheered with delight.

"Oh, dear god, please don't tell me Parappa and Ma-San found my memory banks, PLEASE don't tell me they're already looking through the top-secret private sections OF those memory banks as I introspectively speak to myself..." Lammy thought helplessly to herself in terror, squinting her eyes tightly shut and praying dearly to God that Parappa and Ma-San hadn't also died WITH her...surely enough, wouldn't you know it, they HAD, and BOY, were they back with a vengeance!

"Heh heh...news flash, pal, WE ARE!" Ma-San cackled maliciously as she pulled out Lammy's voice-control microphone and eagerly handed it over to Parappa with only the most insufferably arrogant and smug of winks that she could possibly muster.

"And like it or NOT, we're here to save your LIFE!" Parappa boasted valiantly as he turned the microphone on and used it to make Lammy admit all of the things that she was too pathetically timid and shy to admit herself while Ma-San continued sneakily browsing through her memory banks.

"MY MOTHER WAS A WALKING TRANSGENDER HIPPIE STEREOTYPE AND MY FATHER SMELT OF MARIJUANA BERRIES! WHEN I WAS LITTLE, WE WOULD EVEN FORM BIG NAKED THREESOMES WITH EACH OTHER!" Lammy screamed and cried while the crowd laughed uproariously and began throwing tomatoes at her to show their appreciation while Teriyaki began whipping her to try and force more confessions out of her.

"WHEN I WAS DISSECTING FROGS IN MIDDLE SCHOOL, I USED TO MASTURBATE TO IT WHEN NO ONE ELSE WAS LOOKING! ALSO, I JUST RECENTLY ATE VOMIT OUT FROM THE VAGINA OF A FUCKING CATERPILLAR WITH HUMAN FEET AND SEXUAL ORGANS!" Lammy blubbered and bawled like a baby while everyone in the audience loudly expressed their intense feelings of disgust toward her.

"I'VE BEEN ARRESTED MULTIPLE TIMES FOR CHILD MOLESTATION ON ACCOUNT OF ATTEMPTING TO USE PARAPPA'S DICK AS A GUITAR!" Lammy wailed and sobbed as she was lowered closer and closer to the lava pit...and closer...and closer...and...

"I HAVE A FUCKING DYNAMITE-HEADED KARATE MOUSE AND RAPPING DOG LIVING INSIDE MY TRANS-LESBIAN ROCKER HIPPIE SHEEP BRAIN AND CONTROLLING IT VIA SUPERCOMPUTER RIGHT NOW, BOTH OF WHICH SNUCK IN THERE VIA MY NEON-BLUE-FURRED CAT GIRLFRIEND SNEAKING THEM INTO MY FUCKING COCAINE POWDER AND HAVING ME SNIFF THEM OFF OF HER FUCKING TOES!" Lammy continued wailing and screaming (this time out of her OWN free will, naturally) as the crowd began to feel profoundly bad for her while also developing just-as-profoundly confused boners in their pants as a result.

"Well, my watch's built-in lie detector app certainly hasn't spotted any fibs here, so I suppose I can

let you go free...just try not to go too crazy and MURDER anyone, pretty please?" Teriyaki sarcastically, backhandedly complimented Lammy as she snapped her demonic fingers and instantaneously, magically teleported Lammy and her brain stowaways back into the mortal world without even another word whatsoever.

"Man, what a fucking pathetic LOSER!" nearly everyone in the crowd thought to themselves.

## Chapter 5

### TILBOP PART 7

"MAN, it sure has been one of those days..." Lammy groaned exhaustedly as she woke up and found herself lying face-up on the sidewalk (thankfully with her signature outfit back on, if nothing else) and was immediately greeted by Katy, who reached out her hand to her in an offer to pull her back up onto her feet.

"So, what's new? Am I going to have to go inside YOUR fucking brain and get violently assaulted and raped by your fucking personal demons or some shit?" Lammy asked Katy sarcastically, exhaustedly leaning forward and dangling her arms out in front of her as Katy pulled her right back up onto her feet and gave her a loving smooch on the brightly blushing cheek.

"Personal demons? Oh, bitch PLEASE, everyone knows that THOSE are just a stupid MYTH!" Katy clutched her chest and laughed uproariously; meanwhile, deep inside Lammy's brain, Parappa and Ma-San had already been loudly begging to differ for quite some time now, needless to say.

"HMM...should we, perhaps, release all of these pornographic videos of Lammy to the Internet, a social media platform that is already horrendously oversaturated with outright shameless porn of her?" Ma-San's buck-naked, ridiculously sexualized right-shoulder devil asked her teasingly, furrowing her brows and grinning maliciously as she smugly crossed her deliciously large-footed legs atop Ma-San's shoulder and rested her left elbow against the right side of Ma-San's face.

"Or should we just leave all of them private and make it her responsibility to never, EVER tell ANYONE or any-THING about them?" Ma-San's left-shoulder angel asked her worriedly, glancing nervously around her to make sure no one was watching before finally shrinking back to normal size and flying straight back into Ma-San's brain through her left ear canal while her right-shoulder devil took the right.

"Hee hee hee hee hee...oh, I think I know EXACTLY what WE'RE gonna do..." Ma-San began cackling evilly, rubbing her hands together like a dirty, scheming, no-good little fly while Parappa began thinking to himself about far more pressing and important matters.

"HMM, I wonder...should we, perhaps, have Lammy dump this stupid cat bitch and find herself a new girlfriend that actually KNOWS how to properly spend her money?" Parappa's also-buck-naked and shockingly well-endowed left-shoulder devil asked him arrogantly as he stood atop the poor dog's shoulder and began forcefully tugging on his big floppy ear to get his attention, causing him to loudly yelp and squeal in pain while the little devil just laughed at him in response.

"Or should we, uhh...do...what the DEVIL said, hee hee?" Parappa's right-shoulder angel stammered nervously, awkwardly drumming his fingers together in dead silence as he and the devil flew right back through Parappa's ear canals into his brain without another word whatsoever.

"Damnit, I KNOW it's the right thing to do, but I just can't BRING myself to do it...I mean, what'll Milk can be without KATY'S big, juicy milk cans?" Parappa rested his head on the computer's dashboard and sobbed gently.

"Meh, I prefer Lammy's ACTUAL FUCKING PERSONALITY myself!" Ma-San VERY hypocritically growled at Parappa, smacking him upside the head and savagely karate-kicking him in the balls.

MEANWHILE IN KATY'S AUTOMOBILE...

"So, anyway...now that the whole meet-and-greet part of that greedy womanizing bastard's contract is finally, FINALLY fucking over with, can we PLEASE go home and get some rest?" Lammy asked Katy exhaustedly, collapsing sideways against Katy's shoulder and falling asleep.

"Of COURSE, cutie-pie; why, that's exactly where we're heading RIGHT NOW, in fact!" Katy chuckled merrily as she lovingly twisted her arm around and patted Lammy on her lovely red head with it while the car rapidly made its way back to the also un-necessarily tall high-rise building that housed Lammy's and Katy's apartment.

A FEW MINUTES LATER, IN LAMMY'S BEDROOM...

"Alright, Lammy, you ready?" Katy asked Lammy encouragingly, strapping herself into her favorite bondage outfit and dimming the lights as she got down on her hands and knees atop Lammy's queen-size bed and once again spanked her ass to signal that it was now officially mating season.

"You BET I am, sister!" Lammy chuckled excitedly as she stripped herself completely naked from head to toe and went into the bathroom to brush her teeth, flatten her nails and comb her hair in preparation.

"Wait a minute, SISTER?! Does...does she mean that LITERALLY?!" Parappa gasped in shock.

"It's...it's a REALLY long and morally questionable story to say the least..." Ma-San sighed.

While Lammy was busy taking care of her cosmetic hygiene (note that I only said COSMETIC), Parappa and Ma-San were already drooling at the mouths and shaking in their seats with excitement at the mere THOUGHT of what they were about to get the chance to directly witness in person!

"Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to witness ONE OF THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD." Parappa began ominously explaining, converting Lammy's brain-cam to cockpit view and already trying excruciatingly hard not to bust out laughing as his shit-eating grin grew ever wider.

"At about 11:30, Eastern Standard Time, through THESE eyes' external spiritual surrounding awareness field, or in laymen's terms, their internal third-person video-recording feature, you will get to see Milkcan's ridiculously hot lead guitarist, Lammy, share a nice bit of...(snickers)...LOVE with her lesbian girlfriend Katy." Parappa whispered mischievously to his future audience, covering his mouth with his hands to stop himself from laughing.

"And she ain't DRESSED for the OCCASION, if ya KNOW what I MEAN!" Ma-San creepily snickered, trying even harder to stop herself from bursting out laughing than Parappa was.

"Heeheehee, yup...YOU heard right...she's COMPLETELY...NAAAAAY-KEEEED!" the frightfully, increasingly horny Parappa suddenly put one of his hands up against the side of his mouth with the palm facing out and crooned incredibly creepily, his eyes going bloodshot as his aforementioned shit-eating grin suddenly went FAR beyond "ear-to-ear" magnitude and went straight into "earhole-to-earhole" territory.

"WITH NO CLOTHES ON!" Ma-San yelled ecstatically at the tops of her lungs, her eyes suddenly becoming the infamous "overexcited anime sparkler" variety as her nose violently sprayed blood all over the place at the mere PASSING thought of what she and Parappa were about to witness



while Parappa face-palmed himself humiliatedly and reluctantly set Lammy's brain-cam back into third-person view.

"Alright, Katy, I'm READY; for your own sake, YOU'D sure as hell BETTER be too!" Lammy called out teasingly to Katy as she walked back into the bedroom, jumped right onto the bed and let the fun and games begin.

"Listen up, BITCH!" Lammy yelled lividly at Katy, getting down on her knees in front of her and brutally bitch-slapping her right across her blue pussy face. "You have absolutely NO fucking idea how goddamned HORRIFIC the fucking things that you and Joe Chin put me through actually WERE, do you? DO YOU?!"

"I'm sorry, I kind of...like, forgot and stuff...can you, like, give me a recap?" Katy asked sarcastically, struggling to continue looking into Lammy's big, bulbous, veiny eyes and not staring at her tits.

"Well, I dunno, HMM, let's SEE here...first I was forced to lick Chop Chop Hobo Onion's filthy disgusting feet that he hadn't properly washed in at least the past two WEEKS, with the fucking SHIT residue from my asshole smeared all over them, no less...then I was fucking mind-controlled into having sex with a morbidly fat and ugly moose woman named after Benito Mooselini while taking her car on a fucking Grand Theft Auto rampage through the city...then I was eaten alive by a fucking drug-dealing con-artist frog from Jamaica and ended up having to fucking DISSECT him from the inside-out with nothing more than my bare fucking HANDS and a chainsaw..." Lammy sarcastically, angrily began recounting while Katy just trembled in fear.

"THEN I was mind-controlled into eating my own fucking NEWBORN CHILD, then I was raped by some creepy-ass pedophile dude that I couldn't even tell whether the species of was flea or some kind of six-limbed spider, then I found out that you had made me unknowingly sniff up Parappa and Ma-San directly into my fucking BRAIN..." Lammy continued, slapping Katy upside the head even harder this time while Katy just helplessly, pathetically quivered in fear and squeezed several laughably fake tears from her eyes in a truly miserable attempt to gain Lammy's sympathy.

"THEN I found myself nearly being suffocated to fucking DEATH in the moldy, rancid, middle-aged vagina of a giant eldritch caterpillar-woman monstrosity who allegedly hadn't even bothered to properly CLEAN said vagina in literally all FIFTY FUCKING YEARS of her life so far...then I got violently abused by a horribly drunken, bipolar and severely mentally retarded airplane pilot who thought he was a drill sergeant...then I got reduced into a literal public sex toy by Paul Chuck and was literally fucked to DEATH by the local populace of anthropomorphic vegetables, inanimate objects and the like...and then FINALLY, once all of THAT shit was over with, I also found myself having literally no choice but to confess all of my deepest and most embarrassing secrets to an entire auditorium filled with the souls of the damned, or DIE! IN MY FUCKING AFTERLIFE, NO LESS!" Lammy shrieked enragedly at Katy, tackling her sorry, bondage-outfitted ass head-over-heels onto the mattress and forcefully jamming her bare, filthy and ever-so-delightfully-reeking feet right into her disturbingly laughing and smiling face.

"TELL me, you fucking pussy, how do YOU like this, huh? Having my dirty, smelly, slimy fucking feet that have not only been rotting away in my fucking SHOES all day without even having a decent pair of fucking SOCKS to keep them company, but have also just recently been used to crawl around on and bloodily mutilate the inner mucus membrane of a fucking fly-gobbling frog's STOMACH like a disgusting little insect while also being covered with a rather admittedly FASCINATING mixture of partially caked mud, frog sweat, Elmer's glue and swamp moss, pressed all over your STUPID FUCKING FACE?! HOW DO YOU FUCKING LIKE IT, HMM?!" Lammy began roaring infuriatedly at Katy, pressing her feet against her girlfriend's face even

harder...and causing said girlfriend's already-raging ERECTION to inexplicably GROW even harder as a result! (Yes, she was using Lammy's magically enchanted dildo; please don't question it.)

"Oh, for the love of God, don't fucking tell me-" Lammy began, only to immediately be cut off by Katy.

"Are you freaking kidding me, sister? Why, of COURSE I like it! I fucking LOVE it, in fact! Haven't I already TOLD you about this weird kink of mine many times before? Or am I just dreaming it? Either way, your fucking feet have just GOT to be some of THE absolute sexiest fucking things I honestly think I've ever laid eyes upon in my entire goddamned LIFE...and believe me, I am most definitely NOT afraid to admit that to you!" Katy began laughing excitedly as she fervently licked all the way up and down Lammy's luxuriously smooth and wrinkly soles from the heels to the arches to her adorable little human toes and then back again in a process that she would then go on to repeat many, MANY times over, completely soaking Lammy's soles with her gooey, dripping feline saliva in the process.

"Hmm...well, this is certainly making MY dick a lot harder than it should be, I'll give you THAT much..." Lammy blushed and sighed awkwardly while Katy lovingly sucked her lovely rosy-red-nail-polished toes and gave her a few teasing licks in between them before finally wetly and sloppily kissing them (leaving great big lipstick kiss marks right on the ball of each one, naturally) and diligently sniffing in their wonderful swampy stomach aroma with her passionately bleeding nose.

"I SEE...so THIS is why you keep acting so unbearably DISGUSTED towards me lately..." Katy absentmindedly moaned with delight as she began massaging Lammy's tired, aching, brightly blushing soles with her thumbs while the poor girl murred and sighed with relieved pleasure.

"Do you FINALLY understand now?" Lammy condescendingly looked down at Katy and asked her sarcastically as she pressed her thumbs deeply into Lammy's arches and gave her the pressure-point stimulation of a lifetime, causing her to loudly moan with dominatrix arousal.

"YEAH...it APPEARS it's just as my beautiful Miss Lammy SAID...I'm just a PEST...no, I'm not just a pest, I'm a total fucking filthy, foot-licking PIG..." Katy sighed depressedly as she got back down onto her hands and knees and eagerly awaited Lammy's violently, gratuitously objectifying sexual abuse of her.

"ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MISS LAMMY?! IF I'M A FUCKING FILTHY, FOOT-LICKING PIG, YOU CAN SAY SO!" Katy suddenly began obnoxiously shrieking at the tops of her ever-loving sadomasochistic lungs while Lammy plugged her ears with her fingers to keep her brain from bursting.

"No...I believe you gave your ALL!" Lammy sarcastically complimented her, getting right back down on her knees behind Katy and readying herself for the Grand Penetration Of Her Anus (And Vagina).

"HEY! WHY AREN'T YOU TEASING ME ANYMORE?!" Katy began whining unbearably loudly, forcing Lammy to viciously punch her in the back of the head in order to FINALLY get her to shut up.

"I STILL AM, YOU FUCKING IDIOT!" Lammy roared ferociously at Katy, unbuckling her butt/vagina straps and driving her big, fluffy lamb fist deeply into her ass while the crazy cat lady began moaning and purring intensely with sadomasochistic sexual excitement as a result.

## TILBOP PART 8

"Again, TELL me, Katy; how do you like my fucking FIST up your FUCKING ASS?!" Lammy yelled dominantly at Katy as she forcefully rammed her fist into Katy's suffocation-inducingly tight ass, causing Katy to moan and purr intensely with arousal.

"OH MY GOD, I FUCKING LOVE IT SO MUCH! I LITERALLY COULDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO TELL YOU HOW MUCH I FUCKING LOVE IT!" Katy began rabidly fangirling and squealing in ecstasy, pressing her hands gaily against her blushing (face) cheeks as Lammy finally pulled her fist out from the shit-smothered depths of Katy's internal rectum and then proceeded to move on to her feet as the next means of anal assault.

"How about literally getting your fucking ASS kicked, hmm? How's THAT feel?" Lammy asked Katy smarmily as she stood up on the mattress, bent her knee backward and once again violently rammed her left foot directly into Katy's eagerly awaiting asshole.

"OOOOOOOH!" Katy crooned in both agony and immense pleasure as Lammy took out her left foot from the poor cat bastard's anal cavity before finally moving on to the right foot.

"OHHHHHHH!" Katy squealed in pain as Lammy took out her right foot from her ass-orifice before finally moving on to the thing that she had REALLY been waiting for...

"Hey, GIMME that!" Lammy angrily scolded Katy, forcefully unstrapping her jock strap and re-strapping it where it rightfully belonged...needless to say, ON THE FUCKING LAMB!

"Und now for zee grand deliverance of zee delicious coup-de-grace to begin, ma sœur!" Lammy teasingly cooed into Katy's ear, well aware that the poor little kitten actually WAS, in fact, quite literally her sister. "Let us begin vith zee RUMP ROAST!"

"OHH...AHH...YEAHHHH...THIS IS JUST LIKE GOOD OLD TIMES AT THE ELEMENTARY-SCHOOL PLAYGROUND...EXCEPT WITH BOTH PARTICIPANTS BEING LEGALLY AGED AND FEMALE..." Katy moaned, trembled and shook with arousal as Lammy's massive rubber wiener deeply penetrated her buttohole; all the while, Katy could feel her butt tearing as her eyes began to water. She desperately continued to push against Lammy's force, wanting to please her as her dick finally reached climax.

"OHHHH, MOMMMMYYYYYY!" Lammy and Katy both wailed a mighty orgasmic wail in unison as the former lovingly filled the latter's butt with her hot, sticky, gooey, dripping love.

"C'mere, Katy, we've still got more WORK to do! You fuck with the lamb, you get to see the extra-super-duper HORNY side of her!" Lammy laughed excitedly as she scooped Katy up into her lap and began thrusting her already intensely cum-dripping dildo into the eagerly anticipating cat woman's vagina without even bothering to use a condom.

"OHH, LAMMY...YOU ARE JUST TOO GOOD TO ME, YOU KNOW THAT? SERIOUSLY, WHENEVER I'M WITH YOU, I FEEL LIKE I CAN LITERALLY DO ANYTHING...AND THAT MOST ESPECIALLY INCLUDES CREAMING MYSELF, JUST FOR THE RECORD..." Katy happily, softly purred and meowed with delight as she looked behind herself and began lovingly french-kissing Lammy while the sheep slut passionately rammed her rock-hard, throbbing rubber dildo into the cute little kitty girl's incredibly veiny and elastic pussy.

"SWEET LORD HAVE MERCY, THAT FEELS SO GOOD..." Lammy orgasmically moaned and drooled, lovingly caressing Katy's big fluffy feline body and stroking her fingers straight down it from the armpits to the hips, causing Katy to laugh and giggle adorably from how ticklish she was

while Lammy's dildo violently quaked and began gushing out yet another deliciously massive load of cum into Katy's fittingly named pussy.

"Don't worry, my dear; I'LL SAVE YOU!" Lammy reassured Katy teasingly as got down on her side with her boobs directly facing Katy, crossed her own legs seductively and grabbed onto the thick, juicy thighs of Katy's with her hands so that she could spread them out and use them as handles while she began diligently digging into the adorable cat lady's now widely stretched-out and therefore opened-up baby-maker with her tongue.

"OOH, THAT FEELS SO GOOD...YOU ARE TRULY THE GREATEST SISTER I'VE EVER HAD, YOU KNOW THAT?" Katy moaned and panted just as lovingly as ever while Lammy's tongue deftly slithered its way deeper and deeper through her delectably moist, soft, warm and squishy vaginal walls until it finally hit the back of her uterus, causing her to loudly yelp with pleasure and surprise as Lammy erotically teased over said vigorously pulsating, throbbing and pounding uterus with her soggy, dripping tongue.

"Wait a minute...aren't YOU also kind of supposed to be Lammy's BROTHER or some shit?!" Ma-San took a roughly four-second break from fingering herself to ask Parappa disgustedly; Parappa, however, was already masturbating FAR too furiously to even care in the slightest. Saying that he was panting and drooling like a dog would be considerably understating it; hell, even his HAT was beginning to stiffen with excitement.

"OH, MY DEARLY BELOVED BIG SIS, HOW I LOVE IT WHEN YOU LICK MY CREAMY CENTER...OHOOHHHH, YESSSSSS..." Katy moaned and drooled orgasmically, nearly passing out from sheer relaxation overload as her vagina audibly quaked and began blasting out an entire pint's worth of creamy, gooey estrogen into Lammy's eagerly awaiting mouth.

"So tell me, Katy...what would you like to do next, SLAVE?" Lammy teasingly asked Katy while lasciviously licking her lips and letting Katy's thick, gooey strands of girl-cum dangle from her tongue like hot, melted mozzarella cheese from the spoon of a nice big bowl of tortilla soup.

"Oh, I think I KNOW what I'M gonna do next, thank you very much!" Katy began laughing maniacally as she teasingly stroked her fingers through Lammy's beautiful rosy-red hair, then finally through her own gorgeous golden-blonde hair while submissively lowering herself down onto her knees and offering her big, bulbous boobs to Lammy.

"Come on, you KNOW you want them...just admit it...don't be SHY..." Katy continued playfully teasing Lammy, who then rather unsurprisingly unhesitantly proceeded to stick her dildo right in between Katy's boobs and stroke it up and down through her ever-so-delightfully cute little cleavage.

"Now THIS is what I call servicing your MASTER..." Lammy leaned her head ever-so-slightly back and moaned lovingly with immense satisfaction as Katy began forcefully pushing and sliding her boobs up and down against Lammy's giant rubber shaft in order to therefore speed up its hardening process that much more as a result.

"My, my, you're such a NAUGHTY little pussycat, aren't you? WHO'S A BAD GIRL? WHO'S A BAD GIRL? YES YOU ARE, OH YES YOU ARE!" Lammy began teasing Katy as if she was literally her brainless, domesticated pet, pamperingly stroking the overly attached cat-girlfriend's head as she audibly swallowed her pride, grabbed Lammy's dick, wrapped her lips around the big, chubby tip of it and began sucking like there was no tomorrow.

"Sorry, pal; I'm afraid I'm gonna have to be TAKING this now!" Katy playfully jeered at Lammy as she sneakily stole the jock strap right off of Lammy's waist (while she was busy throwing her

head back and moaning in ecstasy, of course) and fastened it right back around hers so that Lammy could deliver the TRUE coup-de-grace finale of the night.

"YOUR BIG SEXY FEET. MY BIG SEXY DICK." Katy concisely commanded Lammy, pointing to each thing in order with her index fingers while Lammy humiliatedly accepted her request and wrapped her lovely, lovely soles and toes around Katy's already rock-hard shaft and began juicing her dick like a berry, tightly squeezing her left foot face-down around the foreskin while stroking her shaft rigorously with her right sole, causing Katy to moan ecstatically as she felt all of its deliciously soft, fleshy and smooth wrinkles and ripples teasing over her progressively more astonishing length.

"COME ON...COME ONNN...OHHH, DEAR GOD, YESSS!" Katy shrieked in orgasmic ecstasy as her dick finally gave in and began uncontrollably gushing out strand after strand of delicious womanly cum all over the frontal portion Lammy's beautiful naked body, prompting the kinky little slut to teasingly rub it all over the rest of her body while giving Katy an additional, good-old-fashioned traditional footjob in the process.

"OH MAN, IT'S GETTING HARDER...HARDER...COME ON, STROKE IT HARDER...JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, I'VE NEVER FELT THIS EXCITED BEFORE IN MY ENTIRE SODDING LIFE!" Katy shrieked exhaustedly with orgasmic satisfaction, removing her penis from in-between Lammy's big sexy tootsies and jamming it straight into her big fluffy vagina right at the VERY last second before climax as said penis COMPLETELY exploded yet again, gushing and squirting out what seemed like at least an entire QUART'S worth of pure liquid estrogen into her dearly beloved girlfriend's (and sister's) baby factory.

"OHHHH...SWEET HEAVENS, THIS TASTES SO FUCKING DELICIOUS..." Katy continued exhaustedly moaning with seemingly uncontrollable delight as she wormed her way even DEEPER into Lammy's uterus with her seductive feline tongue, actually managing to bring it all the way into her ovaries while Lammy left a complimentary load of additional estrogen ejaculate all over it to show her orgasmic appreciation.

"ALRIGHT, LAMMY, LET'S GO TO SLEEP NOW, SHALL WE?" Katy asked Lammy exhaustedly, panting and moaning and dripping with hot, sticky sweat to very much the same extent that Lammy was as she reached into Lammy's vagina, scooped out the portion of cum that she HADN'T already licked and swallowed from it with her hands, and lovingly drizzled it all over her tantalizing naked body.

"WE SHALL INDEED, SISTER; WE SHALL INDEED!" Lammy laughed delightedly as she and Katy curled up lovingly in bed together and excitedly began licking every last drop of recently-smearred-on cum right off of each other's gorgeously naked bodies, not even bothering to hide themselves underneath the covers in the process.

"SWEET MOTHER OF GOD, THAT WAS SO HOT..." Parappa and Ma-San moaned orgasmically in disbelief and passed out head-over-heels onto the wrinkly, spongy, vigorously throbbing and pulsating floor of Lammy's brain, their massive loads of cum STILL slowly but surely trickling down Lammy's thankfully self-cleaning computer screen as the recording went on for about fifteen more minutes before FINALLY fading to black.

## Chapter 6

### TILBOP PART 9

THAT NIGHT, AFTER LAMMY AND KATY HAD BOTH FALLEN ASLEEP FOR REAL...

"Hmm, I wonder if we can transfer our recording from Lammy's memory banks onto Katy's iPad?" Ma-San scratched her chin and thought deviously to herself while Parappa fervently fiddled about in the telephone-book section OF said memory banks, searching desperately for the unlocking password TO said iPad...and wouldn't you know it, he found it right there in the poor blissfully unaware sheep lady's brain!

"Well, if nothing else, let's HOPE!" Parappa sighed somewhat exasperatedly as he and Ma-San retook control over Lammy's body (TOTAL control this time, no less) and set her into Sleepwalking Mode so that she hopefully wouldn't wake up Katy (who was already ridiculously deeply asleep anyway) as she redressed herself back into her signature outfit once again, reached over into the bedside cabinet and pulled Katy's precious cat-eared neon-blue iPad, punching in the code 12696 on the password-entry screen...and who would've thought, it actually WORKED after all!

"Alright, let's see...just gotta go into the Videos app, which luckily has an almost literally INFINITE amount of space at this point in the device's evolutionary cycle, and click the Download From Other Related Device button, and then set Lammy's brain as the device to download from...wait a minute, HOLY SHIT, I WAS RIGHT! LAMMY'S BRAIN WAS LITERALLY A FUCKING ORGANICALLY POWERED MACINTOSH THIS WHOLE GODDAMNED TIME! No WONDER she and Katy have always been such complete and utter scene girls! APPLE REALLY HAS TAKEN OVER THE ENTIRE FUCKING WORLD AFTER ALL, HASN'T IT?!" Parappa began obnoxiously rambling to himself as he uploaded his recording of Lammy's so-called "work" day onto Katy's iPad, which amazingly only took about half an hour's worth of Joe-Chin-sponsored Apple Tetris.

"Alright, now that that's FINALLY over with, let's slip this sumbitch into Lammy's hyperspace-infinity pants pockets and get the hell out of here before Katy wakes up and realizes what we're doing!" Parappa whispered nervously to Ma-San while Lammy effortlessly stuffed an entire full-sized 2100-era iPad into just ONE of her jeans pockets, dug into Katy's purse, stole her wallet and car keys, stuffed them into the OTHER front pocket of her jeans, and then finally sleepwalked right out the front door of her apartment, followed by the apartment building itself (needless to say, Katy was REALLY deeply asleep).

"Alright, here we go; lights, CHECK! First-person camera view, CHECK! Ridiculously specifically-purposed peripheral, CHECK! And finally, last but not least, the ignition, CHECKAROONIE!" Parappa laughed smugly, re-awakening Lammy and turning on her brain's built-in GPS feature as he pulled out her central nervous supercomputer's steering-wheel-and-gas-pedal peripheral yet again, this time making sure to make Lammy drive as CAREFULLY as possible, so as to AVOID drawing public attention!

Several incredibly awkward robotic utterances of driving directions straight from Lammy's mouth later, Parappa and Ma-San found themselves (more accurately, Lammy) right at the entrance to Henrietta Octavio's Film-Making Parlor...whatever THAT was supposed to be.

"Um, hi...I'm, uhh...I'm looking to convert one of my girlfriend's iPad videos into a wonderfully pretentious art film, preferably of the gratuitously pornographic variety!" Ma-San squeaked timidly

and nervously through Lammy's voice-control microphone, desperately trying to sound as convincingly like the real thing as possible so that Octavio wouldn't suspect anything.

"OH...which ONE, may my ever-so-FABULOUS Mexican self ask?" Octavio asked Lammy teasingly, stroking his fingers through his effeminately lovely blue tentacle hair.

"Why, THIS one, please!" Lammy requested, thumbing her way back into the Photos/Videos app and pointing out the 10-hour video that she wanted him to use with her right index finger.

"Oh, WOW...now THAT one right there's going to be one HELL of a long and hard EXPERIENCE to edit!" Octavio chuckled nervously, fiddling awkwardly with his very clearly fake Mexican mustache. "By rounding down to the nearest number, I'd have to say that'll cost you roughly around, say...FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! Go ahead and pay up if you're willing!"

"Oh, I'm WILLING, believe me!" Lammy cackled evilly as she pulled out Katy's credit card (which now already had a balance of around 10,000 dollars on it thanks to good old Joe Chin) and swiped it right through the store's obligatory credit/debit card reader without even the slightest bit of hesitation or forethought whatsoever...which made Octavio rather suspicious indeed.

"Now tell me; do you have PERMISSION to be USING this particular credit card, sweetums?" Octavio teasingly asked Lammy, trying desperately to hide his true identity from her.

"Um...YEAH! M-my girlfriend, uhh...like, GAVE it to me and stuff! TEE HEE!" Lammy chuckled nervously, glancing back and forth and drumming her fingers together awkwardly.

"Then tell me; DO YOU KNOW WHAT ITS PIN NUMBER IS?" Octavio brought his face more-than-slightly-uncomfortably close to Lammy's and ominously whispered right into her face.

"Um...well, uh, let me THINK about that for a second!" Lammy nervously but kindly asked Octavio, scratching her chin and looking straight up towards the ceiling while Parappa fiddled about deep inside her brain and began digging through her memory banks yet again until he finally found the PIN number for Katy's current credit card, and within only about ten seconds, no less!

"WELL? Do you KNOW the number or do you NOT?" Octavio asked Lammy exasperatedly, gently banging his big, squishy (neck) head against the table in frustration as a lightbulb suddenly appeared right above Lammy's head, accompanied by her doing the classic "EUREKA" expression with her right index finger.

"Why, of COURSE I know the code, you silly GOOSE! It's 0318!" Lammy chuckled amusedly as she punched in Katy's PIN number on the card reader's keypad and confirmed "her" purchase.

"So...you ARE going to do some really cool things with these clips, RIGHT?" Lammy asked Octavio nervously, more-than-subconsciously fearing that she had just completely wasted Katy's money (even though she very clearly and undeniably HAD, no matter WHICH way you looked at it).

"Oh, it'll be FABULOUS! MYSTICAL! ARTISTIC AND DELIGHTFUL! OR MY NAME'S NOT HAIRDRESSER OCTOPUS- ERR, I MEAN, HENRIETTA OCTAVIO!" Octavio melodramatically danced around on the countertops and posed like a ballerina while Lammy just boredly shrugged her shoulders, slipped Katy's wallet and credit card back into her pockets and walked off without another word.

THE NEXT MORNING, BACK AT LAMMY'S AND KATY'S APARTMENT...

"Come on, Katy; first things first, before we do anything else, we NEED to head over to Henrietta

Octavio's film-making parlor and check out that cool new video he made of us! FOLLOW ME!" Lammy ridiculously overexcitedly forced Katy out of bed and begged her, frantically dragging her right out the door of their apartment by the hand before she was even able to make any of her crucial morning preparations besides getting dressed.

"WHY? For fuck's sake, Lammy, WHAT video are you talking about?!" Katy yelled angrily and confusedly at Lammy as Lammy threw her into the passenger seat of her own car and took the driver's role!

"No time to explain, pal; you'll see when we get there!" Lammy explained as she and Katy took off in their car, heading out to an incredibly obscure, unnecessarily expensive and barely even legally-founded Mexican store that, prior to this very day, hardly anyone even gave two shits about.

"Um...okay? I really don't see anything of interest happening here; where's all the so-called ACTION you were telling me about, HMM?" Katy asked Lammy irritably, crossing her arms over her chest as she and Lammy finally arrived at the film-making parlor...and found it completely empty.

"Hopefully down here in the basement!" Lammy hastily informed her as the two of them suddenly noticed a great big neon sign in the back-right corner of the store that said COFFEE SHOP, immediately bolted straight down the surprisingly normal downward staircase-in-the-floor that it depicted, and finally opened the door at the bottom...only to IMMEDIATELY be shocked almost completely out of their skin by what they saw happening IN said coffee shop!

"Well, okay, THIS is pretty cool, I suppose...wait a minute, WHAT IN THE UNHOLY MOTHER OF FUCK IS THAT?!" Katy boredly and exasperatedly shrugged...then suddenly stopped dead in her tracks and screamed loudly in shock while poor, poor Lammy did the same, causing both of them to completely lose their balance and tumble down the staircase, briefly losing consciousness upon hitting the floor.

Meanwhile, a whole crowd of hipsters and beatniks, many of them being anthropomorphic food items and inanimate objects as always, had all gathered around at the coffee shop's numerous tables to watch exactly what Lammy asked for on the shop's flatscreen television: an almost-unbearably pretentious art-film clip show of all of Lammy's ungodly humiliating misadventures from her "meet and greet" stint that she had been agonizingly forced to endure on the previous day.

"GOOD MORNING, PUPPET EL CORDERO..." Octavio, who naturally was providing the video's narration as always, whispered erotically to the beat of only THE most insanely stereotypical psychedelic porn music possible as the screen showed Parappa and Ma-San being discovered inside Lammy's brain via endoscopy.

"SMELL OF LIFE..." Octavio slurred drunkenly as the video showed Lammy being forced to sniff Chop Chop's feet, followed by Fleaswallow's feet, followed by Cathy Pillar's, before finally showing her getting her entire head shoved right into the aforementioned Cathy's rancid, festering birth-hole.

"SIGHT OF ANARCHY..." Octavio whispered oh-so-scarily as the video showed Lammy driving a car through Parappa Town in Grand Theft Auto style while literally fucking a moose in the process.

"TASTE OF BLOOD..." Octavio hissed cringe-inducingly cheesily as the video showed Lammy brutally dissecting Prince Fleaswallow from the inside, followed by Lammy also eating her own newborn baby live on the set of Cheap Cheap's cooking show.



"SOUND OF LAUGHTER..." Octavio laughed hammily as the video showed Lammy and Fussenpepper almost literally dying of laughter from each other's shitty political puns, followed by Lammy being violently forced to reveal all of her most embarrassing secrets to a massive public audience of the souls of the damned in order to (hopefully) be spared from Hell's torment.

"FEEL OF UNEASE..." Octavio whispered more cornily than a fucking Captain Planet villain as the video showed Lammy being quintuple-molested by King Kong Mushi and re-enacting Two Girls One Cup with Cathy Pillar.

"ALL THESE THINGS INTO POSITION...ALL THESE THINGS WE'LL ONE DAY SWALLOW WHOLE..." Octavio began directly quoting Radiohead as the video showed Lammy getting literally fucked to death by a great big melting pot of people from literally ALL different species.

"IMMERRRRRRSE...YOURSELLLLLLLF...IN LOVVVEEE..." Octavio continued blatantly stealing formerly copyrighted Radiohead lyrics (from the EXACT same fucking song as last time, no less) as the video showed Lammy and Katy curling up together on the former's bed and licking what appeared to be a literal GALLON of feminine cum RIGHT off of each other's naked bodies.

Needless to say, Lammy and Katy did not exactly take terribly kindly to what they had just seen; the customers, however, were absolutely overjoyed beyond belief by it...perhaps even MESMERIZED by it, as one might say.

"WOWWW, DUUDE...THIS IS, LIKE, TOTALLY FARRR OUUT..." Prince Fleaswallow's purple cousin, Purple Toadshallow (ORIGINAL CHARACTER, PLEASE DO NOT STEAL) began moaning like a retard as he sipped his weed-laced coffee and readjusted his rainbow-colored bandanna and perfectly round sunglasses.

"LIKE...ZAWN-KEYYY..." Guru Ant, who was currently at regular human size for whatever reason, sat next to him and slurred in his ball-bustingly sexy jazz-baritone voice as he took yet ANOTHER sip of weed-laced coffee.

"OH, Lammy, that was MOST BEAUTIFUL indeed! Can I please have your autograph, please please pretty PLEASE?!" Rammy (Lammy's in-universe edgy Sonic recolor) broke out into an adorably excited ear-to-ear smile for one of the first times in her entire life and excitedly asked Lammy as she and Katy finally got up and began walking into the main "theater" area of the coffee shop, where a whole assortment of people from various species could even be found DANCING to the utterly inhumane and disgusting abomination of a film that Octavio and his accomplices had just unleashed upon the general public (surely enough, Teriyaki Yoko was RIGHT smack-dab in the center of the room, ballerina-dancing with Paul Chuck, her main accomplice in sending Lammy to Hell in the first place).

"WHAT IS THIS?! WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS THE MEANING OF THIS?!" Katy screamed in horror as she looked underneath the tables and saw nearly everyone in the seats masturbating furiously to the video.

"WHAT IN THE ACTUAL SEVEN STAGES OF MY FUCKING BATSHIT-CRAZY GAME IS GOING ON HERE?!" Lammy shrieked in revulsion as Octavio took a short break from strumming his Mexican banjo, walked over to the opposite end of the room and welcomingly tipped his sombrero to them.

"EVERYONE is FRAPPING IT to our sold-out FILM!" Hairdresser- I mean, Octavio overjoyedly explained to Lammy and Katy, as if they couldn't already very clearly SEE that in the first place.

"Well, pardon my asking, but WHAT THE HELL'S IN IT FOR US?!" Lammy asked Octavio terrifiedly, grabbing him by the shoulders and shaking him violently in order to hopefully get him to answer.

"Oh, why of course, what ELSE could it possibly be? A LIFETIME SUPPLY OF NOTHING! Now have yourself a nice warm espresso and try to think calmly and collectedly about how you just spent your girlfriend's MONEY, baby!" Octavio douchily jeered at Lammy like the complete money-grubbing scumbag that he was while Katy glared coldly at her, gritted her teeth and clenched her fists into seething balls of rage, to which Lammy frightenedly did the jazz hands and pointed worriedly into her ridiculously, hilariously easily-manipulated head in response.

"FOR FUCK'S SAKE, PLEASE TELL US; HOW MANY OF THESE FUCKING THINGS ARE THERE?!" Katy yelled enragedly at Octavio, tackling him onto the ground and knocking his sombrero right off onto Lammy's head, which she immediately found that it looked unsurprisingly adorable on.

"GODDAMNIT, WHY IS ALL OF THE FUCKING TEXT SUDDENLY IN SPANISH?!" Parappa yelled angrily in frustration, slamming his fists against the dashboard of Lammy's central nervous supercomputer as Katy took the sombrero off of Lammy's head and returned it to where it belonged.

"And NOW why is it suddenly back to NORMAL again?" Ma-San gawked in disbelief at how incredibly racist this joke was. "It wasn't REALLY because of the fucking SOMBRERO, was it?!"

"Anyway, here's the deal; I've already made so damned many of these bloody things that they'll have already spread worldwide like an infectious CATTLE DISEASE before you two even KNOW it! EVERYONE who wishes to look HIP and AVANT-GARDE will WANT one...of my ELEVEN THOUSAND COPIES!" Octavio got back up onto his feet and began laughing maniacally while Lammy and Katy just stood there and audibly gulped, literally frozen in fear.

TEN SECONDS LATER...

"GYAAAHHHHHH!" Lammy and Katy bursted right out the front door of the film-making parlor and drove as fast as Katy's car could carry them; they had an UNBELIEVABLY massive film-making scam to squash, and they were going to need to hire a LOT of people in order to get the job done!

TILBOP PART 10

THREE HOURS AND ABOUT 600 PUBLIC VOLUNTEERS LATER, AT THE LOCAL LANDFILL...

"PHEW...alright, we've FINALLY got all of those wretched, infernal DVDs of you getting raped and tortured right where they belong, buried in a fucking landfill where no one will ever be able to lay eyes upon them again..." Katy sighed exhaustedly, wiping the sweat from her brow. "All 10,999 of them..."

"Wait, WHAT? 10,999? I thought it was 11,000!" Lammy gasped in surprise, checking the clipboard to confirm that she was, in fact, right; the number of DVDs that Octavio had produced for this abomination was indeed eleven thousand, NOT ten thousand, nine hundred and ninety-nine. "What the hell happened to the OTHER one? The odd one out, if you will?"

"Oh, I just sent that one off to your parents in New Zealand; don't worry about it!" Katy laughed smugly, swinging her hand downward like...well, a cat paw and embarrassedly blushing from ear

to ear.

"YOU DID WHAT?!" Lammy shrieked at the tops of her ever-loving lungs, causing the PANIC ALERT alarm to begin ringing more loudly than ever before in her brain as she frantically bolted over to her mailbox (that just so happened to be conveniently located just across the street from the landfill, just like her apartment building itself), yanked out her mailbox key from her pocket and opened her designated cubbyhole of the mailbox...only to find the key to a much LARGER cubbyhole down at the bottom of the mailbox, which unsurprisingly contained a big brown box from her mom and dad. Ripping the box open like her life depended on it, Lammy immediately began reading the letter that her parents had packaged inside.

"Dear daughter Lammy: we saw your video this morning and absolutely LOVED it; so dearly, in fact, that we even went as far as to copy and redistribute it all over New Zealand! We're so proud of you; you've now become our nation's official sex symbol; love, Mom and Dad. Also, in this box, we've enclosed a nice big bag of condoms and tampons just in case you ever run out of them. Have fun, babe!" Lammy read embarrassedly while Katy stood behind her and smugly breathed down her neck in an all-but-completely unmistakably "I told you so" type of manner.

"Why...I...I don't BELIEVE it!" Lammy gasped in bittersweet surprise as she stuffed the condoms into her front pocket, shoving the box and letter into her back pockets for later recycling-bin disposal.

"Yeah, I know, right? Your parents REALLY knew how to raise a fucking naughty little SLUT, didn't they?" Katy smarmily teased Lammy, causing her to collapse onto her knees, bury her face in her hands and break out into a manic depressive fit of intense crying and sobbing.

ABOUT TWENTY MINUTES LATER, AT JOE CHIN'S OFFICE...

"CONGRATULATIONS, faithful sidekick; you have completed a challenge that literally NO other woman I've ever appointed to has ever been able to successfully complete!" Joe Chin ecstatically complimented Lammy, eagerly running straight into her arms and hugging her.

"Gee, I sure do wonder why THAT is..." Lammy sarcastically patted Joe on the back and thought to herself as she casually glanced around the room, taking rather deeply unsettling note that she hadn't before of the sheer number of presumably female animal furs and skins that lined the room.

"Okay, then; what exactly IS my so-called REWARD, again?" Lammy asked Joe curiously while Mr. Horse angrily drew his finger across his neck from the back of the room to discourage her from doing so.

"SIMPLE, my dear whatzit; I WANT YOU to be the new mascot and head secretary of my personal FAN CLUB!" Joe explained just as smugly as ever to Lammy, slapping her ridiculously hard on the back yet again as he directed her straight to her very own secretary fanmail reception room, kicking her right in and then loudly slamming and locking the door behind her.

Needless to say, the remaining portion of the day was almost unbearably monotonous for both Lammy AND her brain stowaways alike; rather than getting to go on all kinds of cartoonishly goofy, wacky and over-the-top adventures like what happened during Lammy's meet-and-greet phase, the three of them were now stuck in a ridiculously plain white room literally ALL fucking day, with the former's only meals being a painfully generic ham-and-cheese sandwich and a rather profoundly average-sized bowl of cream-of-mushroom soup while the latter two people got to gluttonously engorge themselves on her brain tissue and give her agonizing headaches all day.

Lammy's JOB in this room, so to speak, was to answer JOE'S fanmail letters that got regularly

delivered through an almost Lorax-esque slot in the wall by writing directly back to the rather unnervingly loyal fans that wrote them with increasingly fake, forced and superficial compliments. Just to name a few of the more notable examples, here are my personal favorites from each hour of her initial work day, starting at approximately 12:30 PM and ending at about 10:30 PM.

"Dear Joe Chin, you are without a doubt the absolute greatest president our country has ever had, and this is coming sincerely from a batshit-insane redneck that worships the devil and keeps shotguns in his basement! - Cletus Drumpf" the first letter read.

"Dear Cletus Drumpf: OF COURSE IT IS, YOU FUCKING RACIST, SEXIST PIECE OF- (slaps self) -ER, I MEAN, sure, why not? As long as I'm TECHNICALLY not Donald Trump in name, you're free to believe whatever you want...well, at least, provided it doesn't relate to stupid fucking cheap-ass MEXICANS like Lammy, that is!" Lammy wrote back from Joe's perspective.

"Dear Joe: Why does literally EVERYTHING you build HAVE to have a fucking CASINO built INTO it? For crying out loud, my newborn BABY is already being taught how to freaking GAMBLE at the local NURSERY as we speak! This degenerate madness absolutely MUST be stopped! - Therm Otis" the second letter read.

"Dear Therm Otis: YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT; MY GUITAR IS IN MY MIND- (slaps self) -ER, I MEAN, I would certainly LIKE to stop this so-called degenerate madness you speak of...but alas, I'm afraid that it's simply making me FAR too much money. Besides, I have WAY more important things to worry about, like what color my hair and MAKEUP is whenever I wake up in the morning, for instance!" Lammy sarcastically wrote back from Joe's perspective, shrugging her shoulders and rolling her eyes.

"Dear Joe: Will you please marry me? I am a beautiful but very poor woman who very desperately needs the type of wonderful moral and financial support that only someone like YOU can provide. Please, I'm begging you; we can even raise a FAMILY together if you want! - Na'eev Falawer" the third letter read.

"Dear Na'eev Falawer: Sorry, but I've already set my sights on a FAR more TALENTED damsel...a certain universally beloved redhead GUITARIST named LAMMY, if you will!" Lammy smugly wrote back, maliciously grinning from ear to ear.

"Dear Joe: Why do you fucking treat women the way that you do? Seriously, I saw what you indirectly did to Lammy yesterday, followed by today, and it was, for lack of a better way of describing it, absolutely fucking HORRIFIC. Seriously, you should be ASHAMED of yourself. - Stephanie Jacques Williamson" the fourth letter read.

"Dear SJW: Don't blame me, blame the writers and animators!" Lammy wrote back, winking smugly at the audience.

"Dear Joe: How big is your big honking penis, n\*\*\*\*\*? Would you describe it as humongogigantic, maybe? Structurrestrial, perhaps? Possibly even huge-normous? - Fallas Luveer" the fifth letter read.

"Dear Fallas Luveer: Here's my advice to you: stop making up your own fucking words. UmJammer was already PLENTY stupid enough for one lifetime if you ask me. And no, I wouldn't describe my penis as any of those things; why, if anything, it's humongo-ganglia-lossal-normous!" Lammy exasperatedly wrote back, VERY narrowly resisting the urge to outright snap her pen in half.

"Dear Joe: Why does Lammy suck so much, and why does Parappa rock so much? Seriously, I

desperately need to know. Thanks in advance. - Taisles Twatt" the sixth letter read.

"Dear Taisles Twatt: BECAUSE YOU ARE A FUCKING NOSTALGIA-BLINDED RETARD WITH ABSOLUTE SHIT TAS- (slaps self) -ER, I MEAN, because anything and everything that technically didn't invent its genre is automatically a shitty ripoff; everyone should know that if you ask me! And people seriously wonder why Nirvana is so much more popular than the Stone Temple Pilots and Soundgarden..." Lammy excruciatingly sarcastically wrote back, her eyes already beginning to twitch animalistically.

"Dear Joe: What do you think happened to my hopes and dreams? I can't seem to find them anywhere, and I've been making music for a LONG time now. - Dhom Vorker" the seventh letter read.

"Dear Dhom Vorker: Perhaps if you stopped making such soul-crushingly depressing music all the time, your so-called hopes and dreams that you speak of eventually WOULD come back to you. Just be glad you're not stuck working in one of my dreaded CUBICLES all day!" Lammy wrote back, banging her head forcefully against the table in frustration.

"Dear Joe: Who would you consider the most annoying person out of all of the Music Masters? Personally, I would have to say Lammy; her voice is SO fucking high-pitched and annoying, she's an obnoxiously hyperactive nervous wreck, her music is really only marginally better than Parappa's, and she is also WAY too fucking overhyped in the furry porn circles for how attractive she actually is in reality. Just my two cents. - Jim Sterling" the eighth letter read.

"Dear Jim Sterling: OH PLEASE, JIM STERLING, YOU'RE ONE TO FUCKING TA- (slaps self) -ER, I MEAN, muchly agreed, good sir! Great game, but she is SUCH a fucking overrated and shallow character. Parappa had SO much more depth and personality to him." Lammy wrote back as insufferably sarcastically as she could possibly muster, rolling her eyes several times over while Ma-San also did the same; needless to say, Parappa was not amused.

"OW, what was THAT for?!" Lammy yelled in pain as Parappa bit deeply into her brain tissue.

"Dear Joe: which would you rather have; all of the ego in the world but none of the talent to back it up, or all of the talent in the world but none of the ego to show it off? - Sudo Entelec" the ninth letter read.

"Dear Sudo Entelec: Who in God's great American name do you honestly think you're talking to? Of COURSE I would rather have all of the EGO in the world; after all, it just makes MY life that much easier! Who CARES about everyone else's, am I right?!" Lammy wrote back furiously, struggling to resist jamming her pencil into her already bloodshot eyes.

"Dear Joe: Are you really the one answering all of these letters? Because I've been getting a lot of reports that your answers to them are becoming increasingly self-critical and sarcastic as of late. - Captain Obvious" the tenth letter read.

"Dear Captain Obvious: NO, FOR FUCK'S SAKE, I'M FUCKING TRAPPED IN HERE, SOMEBODY PLEASE LET ME OUT- (slaps self) -ER, I MEAN, of COURSE not; why, instead, I've got everyone's favorite adorable little LAMB guitarist doing my dirty work FOR me! I mean, after all, who needs to treat women as actual people when you can just treat them as fucking TOOLS?!" Lammy wrote back infuriatedly, collapsing face-first into her desk as she exhaustedly slipped her last and final letter reply for the night into the outgoing mail slot. (Please note that I only listed ten out of at least THREE HUNDRED of them.)

"NO...NO SLEEP...HEEE-HEH-HEEEEEEE..." Lammy began laughing and sobbing dementedly to

herself as a huge puddle of tears began forming around the very spot where her face had been firmly planted atop the desk. "NO SLEEP...NO PLAY!"

"EYUHHEH-HEH-HEHEHAHAHAHAHA!" Lammy went full-on batshit insane, clutching her aching, brain-damaged, profoundly mentally numbed head and simultaneously laughing and shrieking in pain as the building's quite literal corporate higher-ups FINALLY decided that Lammy had been in that accursed, dreadful shithheap of a room long enough to satisfy their morally twisted tastes and added 100 dollars into her credit-card account before finally, FINALLY unlocking the door to her reception room.

"SO LONG, SUCKERS! AHHHHH-HAHAHEEHOOHAHOHAHEEHOOHAHAHAAH!" Lammy continued laughing and shrieking at the tops of her fresh-air-exhausted lungs as she bolted right out the front door of the Empire Chin Building, shooting the whole damned place a great middle finger behind her as she ran, and headed straight for Joe Chin's house with a considerably more-than-slight personal vendetta to fulfill!

## Chapter 7

### TILBOP PART 11

ONCE LAMMY HAD FINALLY REACHED JOE CHIN'S DOGGY-DOORED TWO-STORY HOUSE (THAT HE WAS IRONICALLY THE ONLY PERSON OR THING LIVING IN) AND DEVIOUSLY SNUCK HER WAY INTO HIS BEDROOM VIA EXTREMELY LIBERAL SHRINK-RAY USAGE WHILE HE WAS ASLEEP...

"I...I was NICE today..." Lammy whispered disbelievingly to herself as she pulled out a tranquilizer gun from her pocket and literally shot Joe right in the ass with it while Parappa and Ma-San just sat there in her brain and ate makeshift popcorn chicken that they had made from pieces OF it. "NICE to all those INSIPID...little VEGETABLES...ANSWERING their STUPID letters..."

"My MIND...FILTHY!" Lammy cringed in disgust as she thought back to all of the unspeakably disgusting and perverted things that she had already done throughout her lifetime, most ESPECIALLY the immediate adventure that had been leading up to this point. "THE FILTH WON'T WASH OUT! GYAAAAHHHHH!" Lammy doubled over onto her knees, tightly clutched her head with her hands and shrieked in horror as she remembered what had happened with Fleaswallow and Cathy Pillar in particular.

"SECRETARY...what a JOKE!" Lammy stripped herself naked (obviously to represent her blind animalistic rage toward society; read, TOTALLY not for fanservice reasons) and continued helplessly whispering to herself and trembling in horror as she laid face-up on Joe's king-size bed right next to him and tightly pressed her tired, deeply aching head against its hard, wooden headboard while pointing her gorgeous human soles directly out in front of her and seductively wiggling her dainty little toes.

"SECRETARY...secretary of WHAT?!" Lammy whispered increasingly terrifiedly to herself, curling her toes intensely, clutching the aforementioned headboard of the bed ridiculously tightly with her ferociously clenched hands and trembling audibly with pure unadulterated fear as she reluctantly turned her head over to the left side of her and saw Joe just casually sleeping right there on his bed like a defenseless little baby.

"HOW HE LOVES HIMSELF..." Lammy got down onto her knees and elbows and shivered intensely beneath her pillow, digging her fingers and toes as deep into the mattress as they could possibly go while she just continued lustfully(?) staring at Joe's big muscular body (granted, she had already long since forgotten that Joe was really just a great big fatass, but you get the idea).

"LOOK AT HIM...LYING THERE ASLEEP...THE IDOL OF FUCKING NO ONE BUT STEREOTYPICAL ALT-RIGHT REPUBLICAN DOUCHEBAGS AND HIMSELF..." Lammy redundantly, pervertedly moaned to herself as she slithered her severely malnourished, lanky-as-a-twig body over to where Joe was sleeping and began creeping toward him like a venomous snake that had just found its big muscular prey.

"HE'S A FAT FUCK!" Lammy shook her poor, aching head back into focus and realized as the mirage that the poor woman's horribly crippling brain damage had caused her to see of Joe's nonexistent superhero chest muscles disappeared, revealing him for the truly bloated, egotistical blob that he was.

"RACIST, SEXIST, FAT FUCK..." Lammy thought disgustedly to herself while Parappa and Ma-

San just speechlessly sat in their seats and stared in horror at the absolute madness that was currently unraveling before them, not even entirely knowing for sure whether the first-person or third-person view had overall scarier results in this case.

"How easily...I could...trump the Trump...with THESE hands...THESE...DIRTY(!)...HA-HANDS!" Lammy began rambling derangedly to herself, clenching her hands and then finally balling them up into fists to signify her ever-growing anger and disgust toward herself.

"AND WITH THESE HANDS, I HOLD THE FATE OF MILLIONS..." Lammy chanted melodramatically to herself, turning her palms directly toward Joe and maliciously wiggling her fingers at him as the entire room suddenly inexplicably faded to black around her so that only her murderously grinning face and her freakishly long-fingered hands were visible.

"He thinks he's a GOD...BUT HE'S AS MORTAL AS WE..." Lammy went COMPLETELY off the deep end and began outright psychotically rambling to herself, scanning diligently over Joe's body with her intensely bloodshot eyes while Parappa and Ma-San suddenly realized that the poor woman had gone SO completely out of her mind that the internal control inputs FOR said mind no longer worked, and thus, they would have to stop her the good old-fashioned way...why, by causing even MORE damage to her extremely delicate brain, of course!

"JUSSST...ONNNE...QUICCK...SNIP...AND IT'S OVER...JUSSST...ONNNEEE..." Lammy pulled out a legendary-weapons-grade pair of hedge shears that was literally about the size of her entire freaking BODY from her pants pockets and began moaningly, droolingly, sadistically chanting to herself while Parappa and Ma-San desperately began attacking her brain in hopes that it would distract her enough to get her to stop.

"If THIS doesn't do the trick, I dunno what WILL..." Parappa sighed as he forcefully, desperately slammed his fist right down onto the big red DO NOT PRESS button on the dashboard of Lammy's central nervous supercomputer and summoned a massive swarm of brain-stinging nano-bees into her already horribly wounded brain while he and Ma-San ran for dear life to the back exit and desperately made their way back into her nose so that they could escape from the poor thing's horrifically tormented head before it was too late.

"HAAH..." Lammy moaned with delight as she eagerly leaned toward Joe's blissfully unaware, still fast-asleep body and was literally RIGHT about to shear his entire top half RIGHT off of his bottom half in one fell snip...when all of a sudden, completely without warning, her brain began violently pulsating and swelling from the sheer number of vicious, angry bees that were now stinging it FROM THE INSIDE, causing her to drop her ludicrously gargantuan hedge shears altogether and begin holding a completely DIFFERENT thing entirely!

"HYUAUUUGGGGHHH!" Lammy leapt into the air, clutched her head tightly with both hands and loudly shrieked at the tops of her lungs in unbearable agony, with the tranquilizer that she had just shot Joe with luckily being so ridiculously powerful that he was somehow STILL one-hundred-percent fast asleep as a result.

"IT'S HAPPENING AGAAAIN! MY BRAINNN! MY HOT...STINGING...BRAAAAAAIN!" Lammy continued screaming and wailing in completely helpless pain and terror as her brain began swelling up to such outrageous extents that it actually looked as if it was seriously just about to literally BURST right out of her poor, internally bleeding head altogether!

"HWAAAAAYAAAAGH! HWAAAAAYAAAAGH! HWAAAAAYAAAAGH!" Lammy blood-curdlingly shrieked BEYOND the tops of her own lungs as the pain became so ungodly agonizing that it actually felt like she was literally being dragged into Hell yet again...when, all of a sudden, the bees FINALLY stopped, leaving her with yet ANOTHER new thing to worry



about...something REALLY funky was going on in her nose!

"Come on, you won't know if it works until you try it!" Parappa playfully teased Ma-San as the two of them stood deeply inside Lammy's right nostril and began scratching themselves rigorously with their fingers so that a whole bunch of excess hairs from their fur would flake off and therefore irritate her nasal passageway enough to make her sneeze in almost the same absurdly over-the-top way that she just been screaming!

"ALRIGHT, THAT'S IT, THIS IS OFFICIALLY THE LAST STRAW! NO MORE LITTLE MISS NICE GIRL! PARAPPA AND MA-SAN, IF YOU FUCKING SADISTIC MONGOLOIDS DON'T GET OUT OF MY GODDAMNED HEAD RIGHT NOW, I SWEAR TO GAH-AHH-AHHHHHH-CHOOOOOOOOOOO!" Lammy bent her entire body backward, leapt into the air, bent herself into a backward C shape and fucking SNEEZED at the tops of her lungs, sending herself flying all the way across the room and sending Parappa and Ma-San flying straight into an even BIGGER nose! Joe Chin's, to be exact!

## TILBOP PART 12

"Well, I suppose that's ONE way to get those fucking nasty little gremlins out of my head once and for all..." Lammy sat on the floor of Joe Chin's bedroom and groaned exhaustedly, blushing embarrassedly, scratching her nose and dizzily resting the back of her sniffing head against his closet door while Parappa and Ma-San flew right into the unsuspecting, fast-asleep Joe's nostrils and eagerly made their way through into his unsurprisingly large and largely empty brain!

"Alright, now let's see what THIS douchenozzle's password is..." Parappa angrily encouraged Ma-San, who was already using her fabled Kung-Fu Mind Trick to figure it out right on the spot as the two of them stepped into the elevator located in his ridiculously thick brain stem (barefootedly in Ma-San's case) and took it straight up into his behavioral control center.

"Wow, REALLY? His fucking password is PASSWORD?! YOU FUCKING SHITTING ME?!" Parappa threw his arms out in front of him and ranted furiously at Joe's unbelievable incompetence, taking his seat next to Ma-San at Joe's very own central nervous supercomputer (which, of course, was also a Mac, because go figure) as she literally typed out the word PASSWORD on his password screen and hit the Enter key, cringe-inducingly resulting in an actually successful (albeit highly fraudulent) login; surely enough, a few seconds later, Joe Chin finally woke up! Under the complete and total control of Parappa and Ma-San, no less!

"HOLY SHIT, WHAT THE FUCK?!" Lammy gasped as Joe Chin leapt right out of bed and began walking robotically toward her with his arms outstretched like those of a classic-style zombie.

"No need to fear, darling; Joe CHIN is here!" Joe laughed uproariously, taking Lammy by the hand and pulling her right back up onto her feet. "Would you care for a nice little romantic DANCE, perhaps?"

"Um...s-sure!" Lammy embarrassedly stammered and blushed as Joe Chin's shirtless, barefoot, boxer-shorted, extra thick body intertwined erotically with Lammy's generally naked body in a romantic ballerina twirl-fest for the ages...and ages...and ages...and ages...and...

"Okay, for the love of God, are you FINALLY done yet?" Lammy asked Joe approximately one-and-a-half hours later as he grabbed her by the waist, leaned her backward, gently whispered the words "I LOVE YOU" into her ear and smooched her right on the glittery hot-pink lips.

"Why, yes, of COURSE; in fact, I daresay it's about time I gave you a PROMOTION!" Joe reassuringly patted Lammy on the back and explained to her with a wink and a nudge.

"How about a different fucking JOB altogether, sweetheart?" Lammy teasingly asked Joe with a considerably less subtle wink and nudge, doing a shockingly good job at hiding her anger.

"You know what? FINE; if you really just want to rock for a living, then LET THERE BE ROCK!" Joe patted and stroked Lammy on the head and VERY uncharacteristically proclaimed, causing Lammy to break out into a warm, tearful smile and hug him tightly (something she seriously NEVER thought she'd do).

THE NEXT MORNING, ON THE TOP FLOOR OF THE EMPIRE CHIN BUILDING...

"MAN, does this fucker EVER stop talking?" Katy sighed exasperatedly, leaning her cheek against her hand and yawning tiredly as she, Lammy and Mr. Horse all sat on the main-balcony-hallway bench together and exhaustedly listened to Joe rambling on and on and ON about "America's glorious future" and "war bonds" and "the weight of crime bearing bitter fruit" and whatnot.

"For crying out loud, it's like he's literally a fucking broken record, and the thing that he's recording is the absolute most cloyingly stereotypical 1950s patriotism commerical to ever EXIST!" Mr. Horse began seething with pent-up rage as smoke began billowing out from his nostrils.

"Don't worry, it's not HIM that's doing it this time..." Lammy whispered foreshadowingly into his ear, causing him to ecstatically grin from ear to ear with satisfaction like only a true gift horse could as Joe FINALLY began nearing the end of his ridiculously, unbearably long and boring patriotism speech that served literally no practical purpose other than to stroke his own profoundly dickheaded ego.

"Alright, hit the TURN BACK TOWARD WINDOW AND POSE command and then let's get out of here STAT!" Parappa commanded Ma-San, who immediately followed his order without second thought, hastily followed him back to Joe's brain-stem elevator and took it straight back down to skull level before it was too late!

"Blessed is Joe Chin, who, in the name of justice and goodwill, shepherds the WEAK through the valley of darkness!" Joe Chin melodramatically posed like Jesus on the cross and recited from Ezekiel 25:17, shooting a despicably smug glare at Lammy, who understandably growled angrily at him and shot him the middle finger in response while Parappa and Ma-San hurriedly sprinted their way back into his nostrils (yes, BOTH of them this time) before it was too late!

"For he is TRULY his country's protector, and the finder of LAH...AHHH...AHHHHHH...AHHHHHHHHHH..." Joe Chin squinted his eyes shut and began trying desperately not to sneeze and therefore break his pose while Lammy desperately covered her mouth with her hands to hide how much she was now smiling with relief that Parappa and Ma-San had finally come through (literally THROUGH Joe Chin's nasal passageways, in fact) for her.

"End of the fucking line, shithead!" Parappa and Ma-San laughed sadistically as each of them began scratching his/her loose fur particles and strands into a corresponding one of Joe Chin's snotty, hairy nostrils (right for Parappa, left for Ma-San) until he and his nasty allergies finally couldn't take it anymore!

"AHHHHHHHHHH-CHOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Joe Chin leaned backward, leapt into the air, curled himself into yet ANOTHER extremely distinct letter C shape and sneezed so loudly that he could literally be heard from three entire stories down, sending him flying right through one of the main balcony hallway's many, many glass windows and plummeting 102 stories to his death as Katy pulled out her shrink ray and grew the now thoroughly snot-covered Parappa and Ma-San back to normal size, at which point Lammy didn't even care how much they had done to her anymore and just lovingly wrapped her arms around the two of them and hugged them anyway.

"So tell me, Mr. Horse; what are you gonna do now that that sorry bastard is finally dead once and for all?" Katy curiously asked Mr. Horse, wrapping her arm around him and patting him on the shoulder.

"Bitch, PLEASE, I'll TELL you what I'm gonna do!" Mr. Horse laughed uproariously, slapping her smugly on the back. "Why, I'm going to outright replace the stupid son-of-a-bitch altogether and create a new and BETTER form of government, of course! A DEMOCRACY, if you will!"

"Uh, yeah, you do that...right after Lammy, Parappa and Ma-San take their much-needed SHOWERS, that is!" Katy stuck her tongue out and shivered in disgust as the four of them happily waved goodbye to Mr. Horse and exited stage left without another word whatsoever.

LATE THAT NIGHT, AT THE LOCAL CONCERT HALL, AFTER LAMMY HAD FINISHED PUTTING ON HER BABY-BLUE EYESHADOW, BLACK SHIRT AND BLACK, KNEE-RIPPED JEANS...

"GREETINGS, EVERYONE!" Lammy and Katy stood proudly together on-stage with their respective electric and bass guitars and loudly cheered in unison to their uproariously applauding audience of vegetables, objects and animals through the microphone while Parappa and Ma-San respectively manned the electric keytar and drum kit at the back of the stage. "ARE YOU READY FOR THE ULTIMATE LAMB STEFANI EXPERIENCE?!"

"YEEEEAAAAHHHHHH!" the crowd screamed and roared with excitement.

"As you may already know, tonight's show is a tribute to the classic pop-rock artist No Doubt, whom we ourselves were VERY heavily inspired by!" Katy explained to the audience.

"And the FIRST song we're going to be playing tonight is a certain little ditty that the real Gwen Stefani liked to call I'm Just A Girl, but with the lyrics changed around a bit to help you guys understand JUST the type of crazy shit that I've been through these past few days!" Lammy reluctantly, nervously, blushing explained to the audience, her legs adorably quivering in fear.

"Needless to say, this girl's been through a LOT of mess!" Katy laughed uproariously, winking snidely at Lammy and smacking her right on the ass as the very first song of the concert FINALLY began, with Lammy depressedly strumming her guitar while Parappa began busting out those weird "electro-pop" sound effects that the song had always been known for on his keytar.

"Parasites living in my brain..." Lammy cooed teasingly into the microphone, glaring coldly at Parappa and Ma-San while a whole number of multicolored spotlights blared in the background.

"Better believe that it drove ME INSANE!" Lammy suddenly yelled at the tops of her lungs, causing the audience to reflexively go HOLY SHIT and flinch backward in their seats in response.

"Forced to fuck everyone in this whole damned world..." Lammy continued singing, erotically tonguing her microphone and glaring at the audience while seductively raising her eyebrows and fluttering her eyelashes for emphasis.

"I wanna break down and fetally CURL!" Lammy sang passionately while Cathy Pillar suddenly went "THAT'S MY FETISH" from the back of the audience, causing everyone around her to glare nervously at her.

"Cause I'm just a nut, nothing else WRONG; not even my big magic DONG!" Lammy and Katy pressed their backs together once again and began singing in unison while Chop Chop's head stalk expanded to an even LONGER length than it already was before in response.

"Oh, I'm just a goof, with nothing more to HIDE, dissecting people from the inside!" Lammy and Katy separated themselves and began singing to each other while Fleaswallow's cousin and all of the other frogs in the audience began audibly trembling in fear.

"PLEE-EEEEEEASE, GET OUT OF MY HEAD!" Lammy sang loudly into the microphone while almost everyone in the audience, even including Captain Fussenpepper, began excitedly headbanging.

"The moment that I step outside, so many reasons for me to run and hide..." Lammy sang while Prince Fleaswallow's ghost shot her a thumbs-up from the audience while everyone around him screamed in response.

"Everyone's so FUCKING weird, and shallow too!" Lammy sang, delivering a perfectly-timed precision F-strike in mid-line while local security guards frantically chased Fleaswallow's ghost all around the auditorium before finally catching it in a vacuum cleaner.

"I wish they knew HOW to fear...like I DOOOOOO!" Lammy sang as Octavio meekly cowered beneath his sombrero in fear that literally everyone around him was about to beat the living shit out of him.

"Cause I'm just a toy, a puppet for RAPE; a target for the boys and their duct tape!" Lammy sang while Chief Puddle and Teriyaki Yoko began publicly masturbating to her fully-clothed self in the theater.

"Oh, I'm just a sheep; guess I'm some kind of freak, men always thinking they can control me!" Lammy sang, shooting yet another savagely vicious death glare at Parappa and Ma-San in the process.

"Oh I'm just a girl, the local sex symbol! Go ahead and fuck my eyeholes!" Lammy continued singing at Chief Puddle and Teriyaki Yoko intensely creamed themselves at the mere thought of it.

"PLEE-EEEEEEASE, GET OUT OF MY HEAD!" Lammy got down on her knees and sang at the tops of her lungs as Parappa got down on his own knees and began playing the song's iconic mid-chorus synth solo on his keytar while the entire crowd loudly applauded and threw roses at him.

"WHYYY-YYYYYYY WON'T YOU GET OUT OF MY LIFE?" Lammy broke the rhyming scheme just to irritatedly sing to the audience as the song suddenly shifted right back into calm mode again.

"I'm just a freak...I'm just a weird awkward geek...that's all that you'll let me BEEEEEE!" Lammy began yelling once again as the song immediately shifted straight back to where it was before.

"Oh, I'm just a wuss, fraught with anxiety! You don't have to fucking remind me!" Lammy sang as Rammy suddenly inexplicably became afraid of her own shadow and drunkenly wet herself in fear.

"If I'm not Parappa, what's my destiny? Of course Sony will fucking forget ME!" Lammy sang as Parappa got down on his knees and began shredding out the song's classic synth solo yet again while basically everyone in the entire audience cheered specifically for him and completely ignored her.

"Oh I'm just insane, thank you very much; that is what cocaine does to you, DUH!" Lammy continued singing as Fleaswallow's cousin dreamed that he was swimming in mashed potatoes on the planet Venus.

"Oh I'm just a loon, lucky me! At least it breaks the monotony!" Lammy sang as she, Parappa and Katy all gathered together one last time to deliver the grand finale of the song's lyrics.

"WHYYYY-YYYYYYYY DID THIS HAPPEN?  
WHOOO-OOOOOOOO CAME UP WITH THIS?  
WHAAA-AAAAAAAT IS THE POINT OF LIFE?"

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